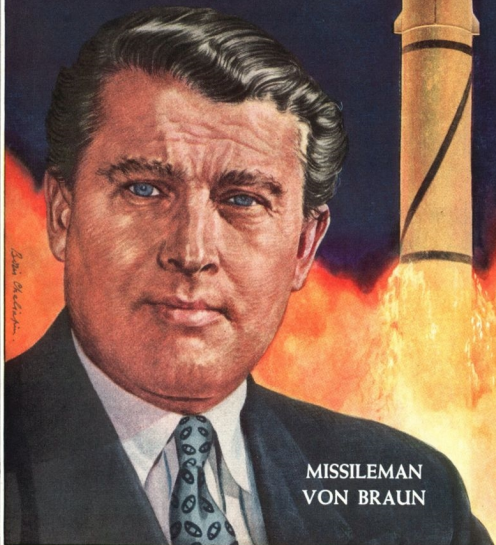


TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

FEBRUARY 17, 1958

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LXXI NO. 7



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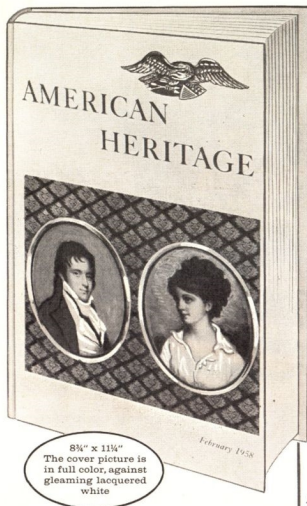
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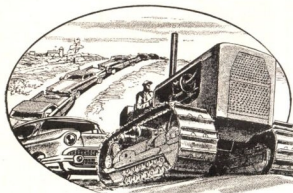
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TOUGH ENOUGH FOR
ARTILLERY SHELLS!**

Ripley's

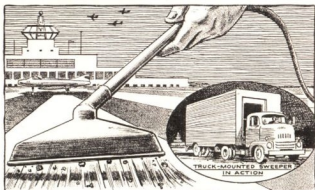


WHEN A 105 MM HOWITZER FIRES ITS SHELL, THE SHELL CASE MUST WITHSTAND 4000° HEAT. PRESSURES UP TO 35,000 POUNDS. ONCE, ONLY METAL COULD TAKE THE SHOCK. BUT NOW A NEW PLASTIC DEVELOPED BY **B-W'S MARBON** CAN DO THE JOB. CALLED **CYCLOCAC**! IT'S UNBELIEVABLY TOUGH AND RESILIENT, YET IT'S LIGHT. SHELL CASES OF CYCLOCAC WEIGH 50% LESS THAN METAL ONES, COST FAR LESS. IDENTIFYING COLORS CAN BE MOLDED IN. CYCLOCAC IS TODAY IMPROVING SCORES OF PRODUCTS FOR HOME AND INDUSTRY.



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Farm. 9 out of 10 modern farms use **B-W** equipped machines.

Home. Millions of homes use **B-W** building materials, equipment, and appliances.

Oil. Every single oil field has **B-W** equipment.



TODAY TOO FEW PROFESSORS CAN AFFORD TO CONTINUE TEACHING!

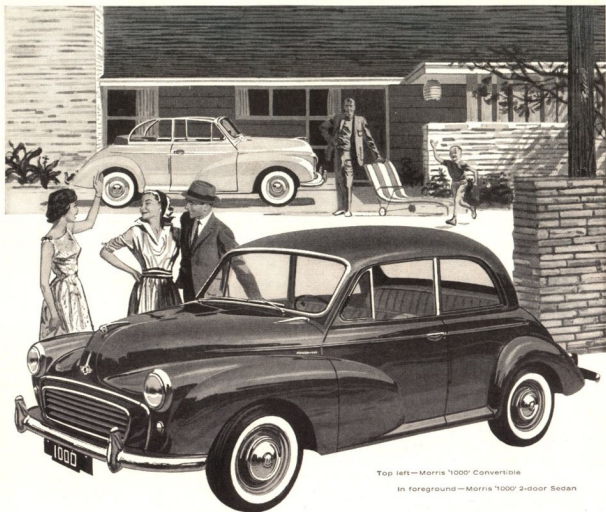
LACK OF FUNDS KEEPS COLLEGES FROM PAYING PROFESSORS THE KIND OF SALARIES THEY NEED. MANY TALENTED TEACHERS MUST QUIT, GET BETTER PAYING JOBS. CONTINUED, IT CAN MEAN A CURTAILED EDUCATION FOR TODAY'S STUDENTS. TO CORRECT THIS, **FINANCIAL AID TO HIGHER EDUCATION** HAS BEEN ORGANIZED. IT ASKS COMPANIES, YOU, EVERYONE, TO HELP BY GIVING TO SOME CHOSEN COLLEGE.

FLOATING OIL RIG CAN STAND ON ITS OWN TWO FEET!

FLOATED TO THE DRILLING SITE, IT PUTS DOWN BIG "FEET"... STANDS ON THE BOTTOM STEADY AS AN ISLAND. WORKING UNDER WATER MILES FROM SHORE CALLS FOR DRILLING EQUIPMENT THAT IS RUGGED AND VERSATILE. SO R.L. HANDLING AND POSITIONING OF DRILLS AND CASINGS IS DONE WITH EQUIPMENT MADE BY **B-W'S BYRON JACKSON**--FROM THE LIFT HOOK THAT CAN SUPPORT 500 TONS OF CASINGS TO HUGE WRENCHES THAT COUPLE DRILL PIPE OR CASINGS FAST AND SPEED THE JOB.



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Top left—Morris '1000' Convertible
In foreground—Morris '1000' 2-door Sedan

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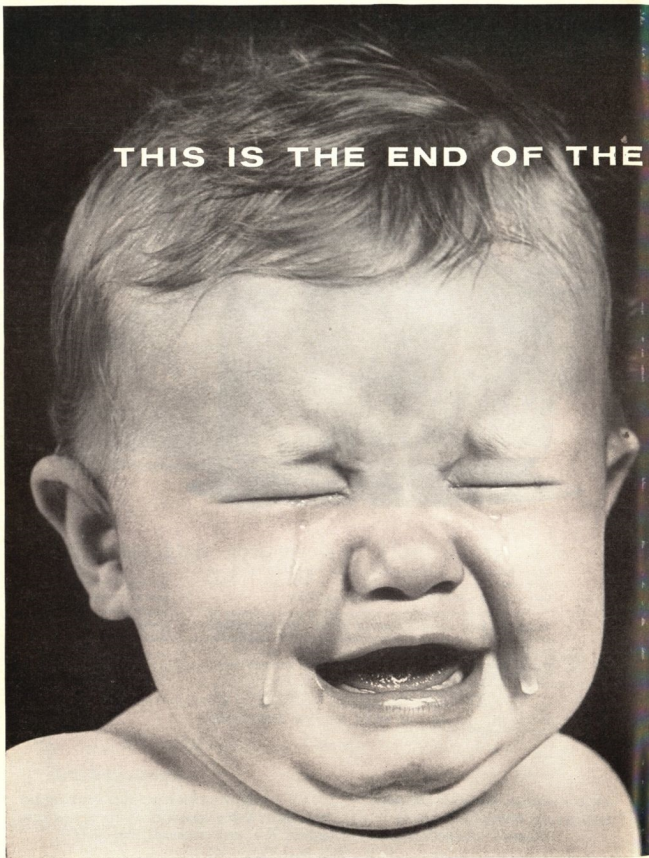
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THIS IS THE END OF THE



LINE FOR YOU, CRY-BABY!

WE'RE FRANK TO ADMIT we've done our share of complaining about the unfair treatment America's railroads have been getting in recent years. We have even been labeled a "cry-baby" at times, by some of our severest critics. And perhaps unwittingly we have been, too, in our understandable enthusiasm for self-preservation.

We believe that we've had, and still have, good reason to complain. So, we will continue to speak out against unhealthy, unfair conditions in the transportation industry as long as they exist. But we don't intend to be a "cry-baby" about it.

What we want is more freight to haul. And we know that *trying*, not *crying*, is the way for our railroad to win back the business that we have lost in recent years to subsidized competitors.

That's why the Southern is determined to try harder than ever *right now* to "Serve the South" the very best it can under present conditions.

We are a *volume* business, and the modern Southern is geared to take care of a much greater volume of traffic than it is now handling. We believe the way to get and hold increased volume is constantly to improve our services and keep our rates down — even lowering them whenever possible.

At the same time, realistic transport legislation is urgently needed *now*, if America is to continue to benefit from a strong, self-supporting railroad industry that is basic to our Nation's peacetime well-being and indispensable in defense emergencies. That is not "cry-baby" thinking. It's just common sense.

Harry A. S. Butler
President

WE WANT YOUR FREIGHT IN '58!

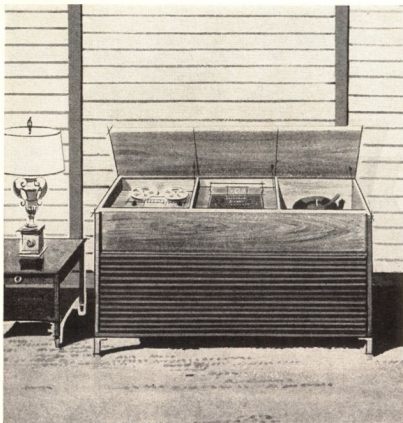
To shippers and receivers of freight, the railroad that "Serves the South" now offers the largest, most efficient, most modern plant and equipment in its 127-year history. As never before, we are eager to serve and geared to GO. Let our low-rate, all-weather volume transportation service help you do a better job for your shipping dollar.

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LETTERS

After the Revolution

SIR:

MULTITHANKS FOR A FINE PIECE ON NEWSMEN IN CARACAS [Feb. 31]. HOWEVER, THERE IS ONE INACCURACY WHICH MUST BE STRAIGHTENED OUT BECAUSE IT REFLECTS UNFAVORABLY ON CORRESPONDENTS. THE LIQUOR BAN WAS DEFEATED TOO, AND AT LEAST TWO TIME AND LIFE OPERATIVES CAN TESTIFY THEY ATTENDED POST MORTEM SESSIONS ON REVOLUTION WITHOUT ANYBODY'S THROAT OUTDRIVING.

TAD SZULC

RIO DE JANEIRO

Time, Space & Money

Sir:

Mark up victory for Khrushchev and Bulganin, who have stamped us into drives for higher salaries for scientists, teachers and generals. We are destroying our own economy and building that of half-civilized nations through purchases and loans for fear they will gravitate into the Soviet orbit.

GARDNER GRIFFITH

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sir:

Your Jan. 20 missile report is masterful. How different is the shoddy treatment of this subject in our daily newspapers.

MERSON L. SKINNER

Honolulu, T.H.

Sir:

How Sputnik and its effect on public opinion have transformed the thinking of the Democrat Congressmen who only last year voted to cut budget requests for national defense, etc.

BETTY H. NOTEWARE

Manistee, Mich.

No Jews Allowed

Sir:

Re the Jan. 27 article "No Jews Allowed": I am a Canadian and work in a building that bears on its face the legend, "Here the Canadian Club Movement had its Beginning, December 6, 1892." Every time I read this in the future, I will be ashamed, for it will

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TIME
February 17, 1958

Volume LXXI
Number 7

TIME, FEBRUARY 17, 1958

Pick your De Soto...pick your price!



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FIREWEEP... big-value leader for 1958. **FIREDOVE**... smart new pacemaker. **FIREFLITE**... the ultimate in luxury.

DE SOTO — the exciting look and feel of the future!



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tions the prime "flavorite" of connoisseurs.

For the same quality, but in lighter, milder, lower-priced 86 proof, drink Old Taylor 86. Full and generous to the taste, Old Taylor 86 is as light and mild as good honest bourbon can be.

Your precious moments of relaxation become moments of pleasure with an Old Taylor-made drink.

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remind me that this "prestigious" club has slandered the country it is supposed to bring honor and pride to.

S. C. MCGROGAN

Hannon, Ont.

Yea, Team!

Sir:

The members of the Glenview Community Church are sincere in their search for the true meaning of religion, which is more than I can say for your adulterated, flamboyant, superficial Jan. 27 article.

JUNE REGEHR

Glenview, Ill.

Sir:

Congratulations for exposing the country club that poses as a church in Glenview.

ROBERT AHL

Glenview, Ill.

Sir:

Even your "Dancing for the Gods" article says, "Among the peoples of Asia dancing is still an organic and important part of religion; each step and gesture . . . may be loaded with metaphysical meaning." The inner meaning in the new vitality Protestantism is recovering in the suburbs is yet to be appreciated by you. We hopefully await the day when a reporter from *TIME* will do as much for the natives in suburban American churches as he does for the Asian natives.

RUSSELL J. BECKER

ROBERT A. EDGAR

THEOPHILUS RINGSMUTH

CLINTON M. RITCHIE

The Team Ministry
Glenview Community Church
Glenview, Ill.

Sir:

The Glenview Community Church should change its "billboard" to read: the Glenview Community Club. And its ministers should drop their titles.

MARGRET W. JURGENS

Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

Friendly Dissuasion

Sir:

Following *TIME*'s Dec. 16 review of *Come To Me*, a friend wrote: "I'm sure you've canceled your subscription to *TIME*." On the contrary, I find myself reinstating my *TIME* subscription which lapsed years ago. The reason: your current practice of reviewing TV's live dramatic programs. At a time when TV drama is suffering, *TIME*'s attention to individual plays is a fine practice.

BOB CREAN

New Rochelle, N.Y.

The Whole Woman

Sir:

Many forget that Mills College offers many programs of study that may not be classified as "home arts" [Jan. 27]. Dr. Lynn T. White Jr. has been instrumental in instilling in Mills women a pride in their sex that extends not only into the kitchen but also into every realm of a woman's life.

ELIZABETH BRANDT

JANE BRISTOW

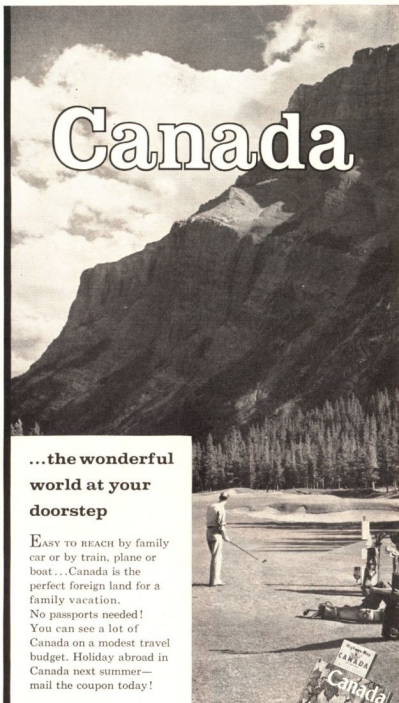
DEBORAH COLLINS

ANN JULSON

Mills College
Oakland, Calif.

Sir:

President Lynn White Jr. of Mills College, who says he won't be satisfied until he hears a woman say with pride, "I'm a housewife," can rest at ease. Whenever I go to the store or take the baby to the doctor, etc., I feel like the luckiest girl in the world. I'm Frank's



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wife and Trip's mother. What could be better? I've been wanting to tell the world how proud and happy I am to be a housewife, and here is my chance.

MRS. FRANK W. ZWYGART JR.
Evansville, Ind.

Sir:

I was comforted to learn that the college girls at Mills are being educated so that they can make themselves useful.

DONALD RALBOVSKY
Washington, D.C.

Sensitive Toes

Sir:

Your Jan. 27 article on chiropody-podiatry must have been authored by a 90-year-old hermit. No one would consider calling a chiropodist-podiatrist a "corn cutter" any more than they would consider calling Dr. Jonas Salk a "pill pusher."

JANE W. TYBURSKI
Pittsburgh

Sir:

One reason for the change from "chiropodist" to "podiatrist" is today's scope of practice of America's foot specialists. Corns, calluses and ingrown nails are common foot conditions, but the podiatrist diagnoses and treats diseases, injuries and deformities of the human foot by chemical, physical and mechanical means.

IRVING L. MARKS, POD. D.
N.Y. State Podiatry Society
New York City

To the Teeth

Sir:

As a teacher in the public school system, I am a little horrified that the Cincinnati Dental Society has imposed such a penalty on Dentist Peter Garvin for his column "Your Teeth" [Jan. 27]. As I observe the wholesale neglect of the teeth of children and adults as well, it would appear that any attention called to the care of teeth would be a step in the proper direction—even at the risk of a little advertising.

CHLOE W. BLANCHARD
Cathoun, Ky.

Sir:

Dr. James Shaw's report that urea is an effective anti-decay agent [Jan. 13] comes as no surprise to those acquainted with the Roman poet Catullus [84-54 B.C.], who, in poems 37 and 39, lashes out at a Spaniard who aspires to be the lover of Catullus' girl and accuses him of keeping his teeth white by rubbing them with urine.

RITA FLEISCHER
Flushing, N.Y.

Hagerty & the Hornets

Sir:

Thanks for an unbiased, nonpartisan appraisal of James Hagerty, one of the most bitterly criticized men holding an official position in the U.S. He is a hornet's nest under the donkey's tail.

FRED D. JOHNSON
St. Paul

Sir:

I was distressed to learn that my old friend Jim Hagerty, after more than 17 years, still "writhes" when he recalls his experiences on the Willkie train in 1940. We did lose one reporter who had ventured far afield in a wide-open Western city; but the local sheriff was alerted and had already assembled a posse in true western tradition to find him (which he did later). On another occasion, an autolod of reporters were inadvertently



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left behind on the prairies of a Midwestern state. Their driver, however, raced the train on a parallel highway, and after some signaling from car to train they were brought safely back. I'll make bets that Jim Hagerly never had as much fun on a campaign train as he did on the Willkie train. From then on he was running the show instead of just going along for the ride.

LEM JONES
Press Secretary

"Mismanaged Willkie Train"

Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Sir:

I am glad we have a White House press secretary so humble that he only sends for Cabinet members when he has to, only speaks for the President when he thinks he knows what the President would say, and only attacks those who question his right to all this when his ulcers are acting up. I am so damn glad he is helping to run the country that I can hardly see straight.

STEPHEN G. CADY

New York City

Sir:

You laud Hagerly as "a professional presidential press secretary—the first of his kind." I hope he is the last to do such an all-out snow job. He is "the abominable snowman."

MRS. H. G. ALSTON

Duncan, Okla.

No Red Haven

Sir:

Your Sept. 9 article shocked me. There may be a colony of wealthy Communist expatriates in Mexico, but they are not in this town and certainly not in my home. Indeed, I have never met any of those whom you named except Maurice Halperin, whom I barely met when serving for OSS during World War II and have not seen since. I am not and never have been a Communist. I do not and have never kept open house for Communists or fellow travelers. I would not dignify your story by a response but for the incalculable harm which you have caused to me and to Instituto de Allende, famed art school here in San Miguel.

STIRLING DICKINSON

San Miguel de Allende, Mexico

¶ TIME erred. There is no support for any assertion of connection between Mr. Dickinson, his school or his town and Mexico's colony of wealthy Communist expatriates.—Ed.

Irish Sew

Sir:

Concerning the letter from Marion A. Trozolo on Irish character traits [Jan. 27]: If centuries of fighting for their freedom and independence isn't perseverance and tenacity of purpose, what is?

MRS. E. R. LACHAPPELLE

Seattle

Sir:

We thank the Lord that Irish self-deception and escape from reality is a quasi substitute for the "tenacity of purpose" some people realize in a Klan or a Mafia.

ANDREW J. MULLIGAN

Somerville, Mass.

Sir:

Reader Trozolo must consider, I have to assume, that a man who devotes his life to the spiritual guidance of his fellow men (Spellman, Sheen, Cushing) lacks the perseverance of such reality facers as Messrs. Dio, Anastasia, Luciano, et al.

PATRICK F. X. BRENNAN

Yonkers, N.Y.

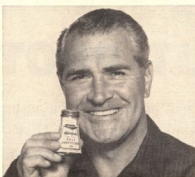
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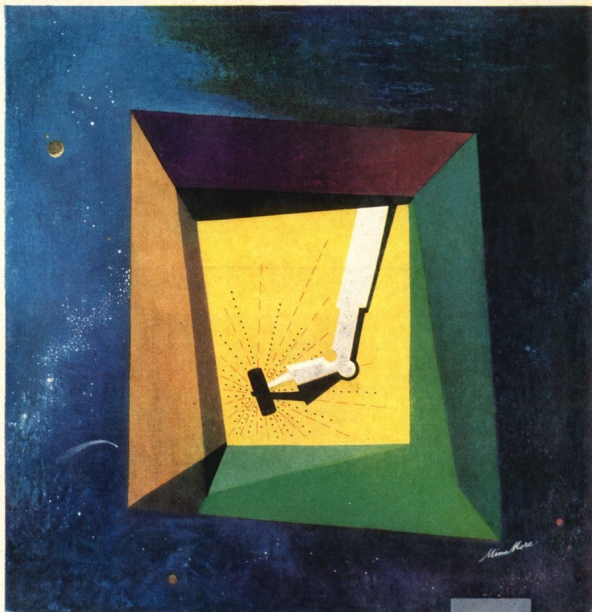


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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Linen



STAGE'S ANNE FRANK

ANNE FRANK was a little girl who lived in Nazi-occupied Netherlands and wore a yellow six-pointed star prominently displayed upon her dress. The star was to warn all passersby that she was a Jew. Thousands of Americans who have read Anne's diary and seen the Broadway play, *The Diary of Anne Frank*, have wondered what happened between the time the Nazis crashed through the thin partition that concealed her attic hiding place and her death at Bel- sen. For the answer, see FOREIGN NEWS.



MAYOR MORRISON: 1947

BESIDES covering the week's current news, TIME reaches into the states and cities of the U.S. to acquaint its readers with a cast of characters vital to the nation's community life. In November 1947, a TIME cover story reported on New Orleans' energetic Mayor deLesseps Story Morrison and his efforts to reform a tired old city. Subsequent progress reports showed New Orleans perking up under a cover of new buildings, bridges and commerce. On the strength of such accomplishments, Morrison last week was nominated for office for a fourth time—and now faces a crucial political decision. See NATIONAL AFFAIRS, King of the Crescent City.



SOPRANO CALLAS: 1956

AS readers of TIME's 1956 cover story on Maria Meneghini Callas will remember (if not, see cut), the diva can sing like a bird and feud like a fishwife. Front pages ever since have attested to her tantrum power, and there have been moments when the sounds of her critics almost obscured the sound of her voice. But last week, in her first Metropolitan Opera appearance of the season, Callas the singer soared above Callas the shrew, and sang *Traviata* with an impassioned poignancy unmatched in years. See MUSIC, Diva's Return.



IDAHO'S SIMPLOT

IN earlier days of air travel, the airlines' best customer was the U.S. businessman to whom flying meant time, and time money. Today, like Idaho Rancher-Financier R. J. Simplot (who is aloft 80 hours each year), businessmen are finding an even better way to save time and make money: they use a growing fleet of private planes of every size and shape. For a description of the boom and what it means to the U.S. light-plane industry, see BUSINESS, Private Planes on the Rise.

INDEX

Cover Story.....21	Color: Private Planes on the Rise....92
Art.....74	Letters.....8
Books.....105	Medicine.....44
Business.....88	Milestones.....102
Cinema.....64	Miscellany.....110
Education.....71	Music.....80
Foreign News.....28	National Affairs.....19
Hemisphere.....38	People.....43
	Press.....46
	Religion.....50
	Science.....60
	Sport.....57
	Theater.....84
	TV & Radio.....77

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Space on Earth

The successful shot of the Explorer satellite got the U.S. into space, but last week was the week that space got down to the U.S. In Congress, in the White House, at the Pentagon, in politics, diplomacy and planning, space lost its otherworldly quality, was folded into the everyday processes of government.

President Eisenhower demonstrated his own matter-of-factness with an edict at his 126th press conference: "All of the outer space work done within the Defense Department will be under Secretary McElroy himself." McElroy put his thumbprint on an advancing age by setting up an Advanced Research Projects Agency, by appointing General Electric Vice President Roy W. Johnson, 52, to run it (*see* Defense). Presidential Science Adviser James R. Killian Jr. undertook a classification of ways, means and reasons for space exploration. The armed services and all space dreamers seized the moment to plug for their pet projects (*see* cat.). And the Congress correlated space with politics; Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson's carefully drawn resolution establishing an Astronautical and Space Exploration Committee pained Republicans

who recognized good politics when they saw it.

The U.S. is still many a moon from conquering space or even moving beyond the crawling stage of unmanned satellites. But even the week's snarls and snaps were comforting sounds because, like the clear call of the Explorer in its ceaseless cruise, they signaled that the nation was at least gearing up for the conquest.

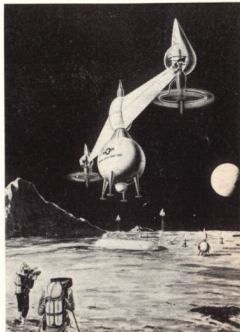
THE CONGRESS

Lyndon at the Launching Pad

After the Senate call-buzzers had stopped one noon last week, a visiting minister delivered a timely invocation. Prayed the Rev. Robert W. Olewiler of Washington's Grace Reformed Church: "Most gracious God, we thank Thee for the miracle of our conscious life by which we behold the wonders of the universe." Then up rose a Senator who had recently beheld the wonders of the universe with Washington's keenest political eye. As the opening order of business, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Baines Johnson moved consideration of a senatorial first step into space, to wit, his own resolution, establishing a Senate special committee on Astronautical and Space Exploration. Under Lyndon Johnson's sure hand the motion carried 78-1; Louisiana's Allen J. Ellender, who opposes all new committees on principle, saw no reason to make an exception for outer space.

In a breathless week, Ellender was only a neolithic holdout. Fired by Texan Johnson as he rocketed to stake a claim in space for the U.S. Congress and its Democratic majority, the members focused on space with the sense of urgency usually reserved for crop supports and rivers and harbors bills. Example: Johnson and a fellow Democrat, New Mexico's Clinton Anderson, were scanning the House bill that would give Defense Secretary McElroy authority for his Advanced Research Projects Agency. They decided that McElroy's franchise would be too broad. At Johnson's urging, Senate conferees, meeting with the House on the measure, pushed through a provision putting a one-year limit on McElroy's control over nonmilitary research and development.

To the White House, Lyndon Johnson began looking closely at the problems of space 2½ months ago after listening to brush-browed Physicist Edward Teller (TIME, Dec. 9) testify before the Johnson Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee,



ARTIST'S BASE IN SPACE
Gearing up to get there.

He registered a claim for the Democrats in his own "State of the Union" speech to a Democratic caucus last month: "If, out in space, there is the ultimate position . . . then our national goal and the goal of all free men must be to win and hold that position." Johnson began calling space conferences in his green-and-gold office off the Senate gallery. In between he dictated memos on the double, reread the Senate debates that preceded passage of the 1946 Atomic Energy Act, setting up the Atomic Energy Commission and the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy.

Framing his resolution so that it would lay the groundwork for similar legislation on space agencies, he sounded out Democrats and Republicans alike for reaction. Last week, when G.O.P. leaders discovered what he had in mind, they hotfooted it to the White House, warned that Johnson was about to capture another popular issue just as he had captured defense preparedness.

To the Chair. The warnings flushed out the news that Presidential Adviser Killian was making a broad-gauge study



SPACEMAN JOHNSON
Learning how to crawl.

Tommy Weber

of space administration problems for Ike. But this only boosted Johnson's thrust. At midweek he was ready with his resolution and two speeches supporting it. He introduced and spoke for his resolution one afternoon, got it considered and approved by the Rules Committee the same day. No sooner had the Rev. Mr. Olewiler sounded his "Amen" next day than Lyndon Johnson opened a brown manila folder, pulled out Speech No. 2, calling up the resolution and urging authorization of the space committee. He got his 78-to-1 vote that afternoon.

Under Senate custom, Johnson is due for the chairmanship of the space committee because he proposed it. He, Minority Leader Knowland and New Hampshire's Styles Bridges got together to fill the other twelve seats with some of the Senate's biggest names. For the Democrats: Georgia's Dick Russell, Rhode Island's Theodore Francis Green, Arkansas' John McClellan, New Mexico's Anderson, Missouri's Stuart Symington, Washington's Warren Magnuson. For the Republicans: Bridges, Iowa's Bourke Hickman, Massachusetts' Leverett Saltonstall, Wisconsin's Alex Wiley, Ohio's John Bricker, South Dakota's Karl Mundt.

Behind them into space rode the rest of the U.S. Senate, dragging holdout Allen Ellender along.

DEFENSE

New Man, New Job

The newest job in Washington is also the hottest; in addition to being responsible for new U.S. space weapons and weapons defenses, the director of the Defense Department's Advanced Research Projects Agency must also be able to defend himself against sharpshooting from Congress and from the three armed services. Picked for the post last week by Defense Secretary McElroy: square-jawed, cool-eyed Roy W. (for William) Johnson, 52, vice president of the General Electric Corp. Johnson will resign from G.E. (but keep "substantial" G.E. stock), take over ARPA April 1 after two weeks of briefings for an assignment that has no precedent.

A stranger to Eisenhower Washington, Johnson is an old soapuds acquaintance of his new boss, met Procter & Gamble's McElroy when McElroy approached G.E. to learn about possible markets for his new detergent products. Like McElroy, Johnson has a special flair for organization. He was an architect of the 1951 decentralization plan under which G.E.'s 280,000 employees and 95 separate divisions were spread under 49 managers. He also planned the corporation's biggest venture into consolidation, a 942-acre appliance-making center at Louisville.

Born Sept. 5, 1905, in Michigan City, Ind., handsome Roy Johnson worked his way through the University of Michigan, pushing a hot-dog cart around fraternity row every night. He graduated ('27) with a business administration degree, wrote advertising copy for three years before joining General Electric. In 1939 Johnson left G.E., went to Schick, Inc. under Cordiner. He returned to G.E. in 1944 after a two-year stint with the War Production Board, became a vice president in 1948. Today, with his wife Ellen and daughter Kristine, 11, Johnson lives in suburban Stamford, Conn., commutes to a 41st-floor office in Manhattan, spends spare moments painting oils and watercolors.

Johnson, who gives up a fat salary (\$61,000 after taxes in 1956) to go to work for the government (at \$18,000 a year), expects to spend two years as ARPA director, hopes by then to have an organization at work that will overlook nothing in the way of a possible U.S. space weapon. His work will parallel Guided Missile Director William Holaday's; unlike Holaday, he will have authority to let contracts and scrub them when experiments do not pan out. With Holaday, he will report directly and frequently to the man who continues to hold a remarkably firm hand on all U.S. defense activities, Neil Hoesler McElroy.

WHO SHOULD CONTROL SPACE?

The question of what kind of federal agency should control the U.S. space offensive burst on both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue last week. Under discussion by a select and secret committee set up by the President and chaired by Scientific Adviser Dr. James Killian were four possible answers:

The Defense Department. As the U.S. pioneers in rocketry and space research, the armed forces are already deeply and impressively competent in the arts of rocketry and space planning, have close connections with the nation's best scientific brains. Conceivably the Defense Department—through its Advanced Research Projects Agency—could evolve into the overall space agency more rapidly than any new agency. Most scientists agree that defense needs should have first call on space research but vigorously oppose putting any overall program into Pentagon hands. Principal reason: the potentialities of the development of space range far beyond military considerations, should not be confined by military control. Tentatively the President's thinking is that the military is best able to judge its own space needs, but would weaken this very capability by undertaking the nonmilitary aspects of space development.

The Atomic Energy Commission. Advocates of AEC control argue that since sophisticated space vehicles will be atomic-powered, the fission-knowledgeable Atomic Energy Commission is the logical agency to supervise perfection of such vehicles. Moreover, AEC is a civilian agency already in a scientific business, with a keen understanding of military needs, e.g., hydrogen bombs, as well as civilian problems, e.g., atomic power. Opponents point out that AEC maintains no launching sites or rocket laboratories and has insufficient space-trained personnel, could be no more than a management organization farming out work.

New Civilian Agency. On the theory that far horizons demand a fresh approach, some space planners advocate an entirely new federal agency that would direct either the

entire U.S. space program or, at minimum, its nonmilitary aspects. House Majority Leader John McCormack has proposed a five-member National Science Council. In the Senate, Arkansas' John McClellan and Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey have sponsored a measure authorizing establishment of a department of science and technology run by a secretary with Cabinet rank. Currently these proposals for another Government agency are downgraded because the agency would have to undergo the lengthy labor pains of its own birth before it could even effectively contemplate the problems of space.

Coordination Agency. Already backed by 43 years' expert experience in studying the problems of flight, the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics has organized a special 15-member committee on space technology, has volunteered to act as a coordinator of nonmilitary space ventures rather than a central control. Under the NACA proposal, the National Academy of Sciences would plan experiments and establish priorities, the National Science Foundation would provide funds and handle construction and design of special apparatus, while the NACA itself would conduct scientific space flights and maintain liaison with the Defense Department's ARPA. Both NACA Chairman James H. Doolittle and NACA Director Dr. Hugh Dryden are on the President's panel of space advisers. In the days when even the experts do not know precisely what the U.S. space effort will require, the NACA proposal has the merit of a pragmatic approach without the need of a vast new organization competing for scarce space talents. At the moment, it is the proposal with the most appeal to the White House.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Toward the Summit

In a shuffle of letters to Western chiefs of government and cocktail-party comments to Western diplomats, the Kremlin has been working hard to spread the notion that a parley at the summit is inevitable—on the Kremlin's terms. Newsmen in Europe and Washington have helped the notion along by reporting surges of what was called "world opinion" in favor of a parley to "end" the cold war. When the U.S., anxious not to repeat the letdown of 1955's spirit of Geneva, insisted that points at issue be explored at the foreign minister or ambassadorial level before any summit meeting, the Kremlin set about making mileage with the appeasement-minded by charging that the U.S. "attitude on peace" was "negative."

But one day last week the U.S.S.R.'s Bulganin, in his third letter to President Eisenhower in two months, went more than a step too far. In a too-obvious attempt to discredit Secretary of State Dulles, Bulganin suggested bypassing a meeting of foreign ministers in the preparations for the summit because of the "biased position" of some foreign ministers. Said Bulganin: "It is hardly necessary to explain why we would like to avoid this." At once U.S. Congressmen and editorial writers began to rally around Dulles with a rare show of strength that fortified the whole U.S. position.

Down with Rapacki. From the floor of the Senate, Dulles got more praise than he has heard in months. New Hampshire's Republican Styles Bridges, bitter critic of Dulles on foreign aid, called him "the most principled and resolved statesman of the West." Montana Democrat Mike Mansfield, who needed Dulles unmercifully during last year's great debate on the Eisenhower Doctrine, now reminded the Kremlin that Dulles is "the Secretary of State of the United States of America." At his weekly press conference the President, questioned on Bulganin's crack about biased foreign ministers, got a laugh when he cracked right back that the Kremlin "must have been talking about Foreign Minister Gromyko."

The White House disposed of Bulganin's latest letter with a request for "further clarification." The State Department, addressing itself to the much-discussed let's-neutralize-Central-Europe proposals of Poland's Foreign Minister Adam Rapacki—since endorsed by the Kremlin as a suitable topic for the summit—warned all U.S. diplomatic missions overseas that such a plan is "extremely dangerous." Added the President at his press conference, in a definitive statement of policy on such neutralize-Europe agreements: "Free nations, of which we are only one—and though we may be the strongest, we are simply another equal among equals—cannot make decisions respecting other free nations unilaterally or bilaterally with the Soviets. There has got to be an agreement in which the affected countries must be participants . . . We have established the NATO association realizing that the

defense of the free world must work by cooperation when confronted by a monolith of force and power so great as the strength of the Communist area . . . We must not make a unilateral proposal that we go out, or that we demilitarize all Central Europe."

Moscow Reacts. In sum, the basic U.S. position for the start of any negotiations was just about as President Eisenhower had outlined it in his letter to Bulganin three weeks before (TIME, Jan. 20): 1) reunification of Germany by free elections—promised by Russia at the 1955 summit conference, 2) permission for the Red

SPACE

Reach for the Stars

(See Cover)

Shirt-sleeved, tousled, and bright-eyed with the dream that gave Germany its V-2 and the U.S. its first orbiting satellite, bull-shouldered Werner von Braun paced the yellow-walled office in Building 4488, nerve center of the Army Ballistic Missile Agency at Huntsville, Ala. Already on his cluttered mahogany desk last week was a new satellite assignment: preparing a Jupiter-C to power Explorer II into space late this month. More work was on



RUSSIA'S MENSHIKOV (RIGHT) & WIFE BEING WELCOMED TO THE U.S.*
Smiles at the ambassadorial level.

Associated Press

satellites to have freedom to choose their own governments, 3) suspension of nuclear-weapons tests along with foolproof suspension of the production of nuclear weapons, 4) outer space for peaceful purposes. And as for the roots of the struggle, Dulles even contributed to a debate started by the British left-wing *New Statesman* by reminding soft-liners everywhere that, but for the use of force and violence, "Communist parties could not exercise power anywhere in the world."

All this did not mean that there would be no summit conference; in fact some Washington reporters were assuming that a conference was a foregone conclusion. What it did mean was that the U.S. was stating its minimum terms for approaching such a conference. Moscow responded in two interesting ways: 1) by sending to Washington a smiling new ambassador, Mikhail Alekseyevich Menshikov, 55, who lost no time in paying a friendly call on Secretary Dulles, and 2) at week's end by a terse broadcast on Radio Moscow: "We can but admit that the idea of adequate preparations for a summit conference advanced by U.S. leaders is correct."

The way; called by the telecommunications room, Space Engineer von Braun hurried down the hall, talked to Defense Department Missile Director William H. Rouse, turned to an aide with the heavy news that two more Huntsville rocket projects had been approved ("O.K. on No. 8 and No. 10"). Back in his office, von Braun flopped into a chair behind a huge pile of congratulatory messages, found just a moment to reflect on the fantastic rush of events. "Oh, to be in space this week," he grinned. "It's so quiet up there."

It was anything but quiet on Planet Earth. Under the impetus of the satellite Explorer's fiery success came the first federal space agency, the Senate's first space committee, the first Democratic and Republican attempts to stake political claims on space—and a full-throttle U.S. Army drive to exploit its satellite success after months of telling itself that it was the Pentagon's stepchild. Army brass marched with a color guard into a Capitol Hill hearing room to present a new service

* At Baltimore's Friendship Airport, by State Department Protocol Chief Wiley Buchanan.



PEENEMÜNDE INSPECTION*



by Walter Dornberger © 1954, Vitling Press



U.S. Army

Deutsche Gesellschaft für Raketenforschung und Raumfahrt E.V.

V-2

His only consuming loyalty is to outer space.

SURRENDER TO AMERICANS*

flag to the House Military Appropriations Subcommittee. Patrols of Army public-relations officers prowled Pentagon corridors, passing out word that, given the chance, the Army could develop a rocket motor to put a 15-ton satellite into space with a man aboard. The Air Force stood that sort of talk as long as it could, then leaked a story about using its Thor intermediate-range ballistic missile to put up a 1,000-lb. satellite as early as June. The Army promptly upped the ante to 1,500 lbs.—and the Pentagon's interservice storm signals were flapping furiously.

A Broomstick Would Do. Yet for all the rivalry, hard-working servicemen and civilian specialists along the whole broad front of U.S. missileery felt a new nearness to space as Explorer radioed back its readings (see SCIENCE). And of the legions of scientists, generals, admirals, engineers and administrators at work on missiles and man-made moons, German-born Wernher von Braun, 45, best personified man's accelerating drive to rise above the planet. Von Braun, in fact, has only one interest: the conquest of space, which he calls man's greatest venture. To pursue his lifelong dream, he has helped Adolf Hitler wage a vengeful new kind of war, has argued against bureaucracy in two languages and campaigned against official apathy and public disbelief on two continents through most of his adult years.

A robust (5 ft. 11 in., 185 lbs.), hearty man with a booming laugh and a frank manner, he can be both ruthless and devious in his striving for space. To some, Von Braun's transfer of loyalty from Nazi Germany to the U.S. seemed to come too fast, too easy. Von Braun's critics say he is more salesman than scientist; actually, he learned through the bitterest experience that his space dreams had to be sold ("I have to be a two-headed monster—

scientist and public-relations man"). Others claim that the onetime boy wonder of rocketry has become too conservative, e.g., a West Coast rocketeer says that Von Braun is wary of unproved new ideas, no matter how promising, and that he "still takes the conventional view that we should go into space with chemical rockets, with overgrown missiles of conventional design." To this, Wernher von Braun pleads guilty. "The more you're in this business," he says, "the more conservative you get. I've been in it long enough to be very conservative, to want to improve what we've got rather than begin by building what we haven't." So long as the frontiers of space are broken, Wernher von Braun does not care how; he would happily ride a broomstick into the heavens.

Says Germany's veteran Rocketeer Rolf Engel, who has known Von Braun since 1928: "He is a human leader whose eyes and thoughts have always been turned toward the stars. It would be foolish to assign rocketry success to one person totally. Components must necessarily be the work of many minds; so must successive stages of development. But because Wernher von Braun joins technical ability, passionate optimism, immense experience and uncanny organizing ability in the elusive power to create a team, he is the greatest human element behind today's rocketry success."

Mother Knew Best. Von Braun's origins had deep earthly roots in Prussian Junkerdom. A Von Braun fought the Mongols at Liegnitz in 1245, and the family's aristocracy was certified by the centuries. Wernher was born in Wirsitz, East Prussia (now part of Poland), the middle son of Baron Magnus von Braun, the local state administrator. Today Wernher's older brother, Sigismund, is counselor at the German embassy in London; his younger brother, Magnus, is program-control manager of the Chrysler Corp.'s new missile division in Detroit. Last week in a com-

fortable Oberaudorf apartment, Baron Magnus von Braun, tanned and vigorous, celebrated his 80th birthday, marked by a four-page letter from Wernher and a gift of twelve bottles of Rhine wine. Said he, fingering his white walrus mustache in wonderment—now mixed with pride—at his son's strange fascination with space: "I don't know where his talent comes from."

Unquestionably, much of it came from Wernher's mother, an enthusiastic amateur astronomer ("Odd," says Wernher von Braun, "but few mothers are"), who pointed out to him the planets and constellations in Prussia's clear night skies. "For my confirmation," says Wernher von Braun, "I didn't get a watch and my first pair of long pants, like most Lutheran boys. I got a telescope. My mother thought it would make the best gift."

Blood on the Walls. Reading an astronomy pamphlet in the mid-1920s, Von Braun saw a drawing of a rocket streaking through space to the moon. It illustrated an article about Pioneer Rocket Theorist Hermann Oberth, now 63 and a consultant to Von Braun's Huntsville team, which venerates him as "The Old Gentleman." Von Braun sent away for a copy of Oberth's classic book, *The Rocket to the Interplanetary Spaces*, was shocked to discover that it contained mostly mathematical equations. Until then, Von Braun had disliked math, and indeed had flunked it in school. "But," says Von Braun, "I decided that if I had to know about math to learn about space travel and rocketry, then I'd have to learn math." He did just that, wound up teaching physics and math to his fellow students at a boarding school on an island in the North Sea when the teacher fell ill.

Rocketeer Oberth's work had inspired many another young German rocket bug, most of them flirting dangerously with de-

* At left, Grand Admiral Karl Doenitz; head turned, Dornberger; in multi, Von Braun. In background: V-2 fins.

* At left, Magnus von Braun and Dornberger; arm in cast, Wernher von Braun.

struction as they pursued their untiring hobby. Von Braun joined a small group firing rockets from an abandoned ammunition dump in suburban Berlin. When he left for a term at Zurich's Institute of Technology, he continued his experiments, built a contraption that spun mice in simulation of rocket take-offs. Afterward, his roommate, an American medical student, dissected the mice, announced to Von Braun that the high acceleration caused cerebral hemorrhages. Their landlady had another kind of announcement: any more mouse blood on her walls, and the young scientists would go out on their ears.

Techniques of Flimflam. Von Braun returned in 1931 to his little Berlin group, joyously helped launch 85 primitive rockets. As it happened, the German army was then looking for some sort of long-range weapons not banned by the Versailles Treaty—and it seemed just barely possible that rockets might be the answer. Captain Walter Dornberger, a boss of the embryonic program, watched some of Von Braun's rocket shoots and was impressed "by the energy and shrewdness with which this tall, fair young student with which the broad, massive chin went to work, and by his astonishing theoretical knowledge." Result: in October 1932, Werner von Braun, at 20, became the top civilian specialist for the German army's new (and only) rocket station at Kummersdorf, hidden in a pine forest south of Berlin.

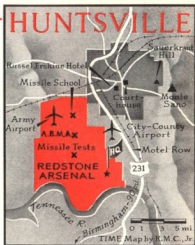
"Our aim from the beginning," says Walter Dornberger, now technical assistant to the president of Bell Aircraft in Buffalo, "was to reach infinite space." But if Werner von Braun had any notions about the German army's spending millions to achieve his dream of space exploration, they were quickly dispelled. Germany wanted weapons, period. The Budget Bureau would not even permit Kummersdorf to buy office equipment, and Von Braun learned early in the game the techniques of flimflamming the bureaucrats, e.g., it was a rare budget official who realized that Kummersdorf's request for funds to buy an "appliance for milling wooden dowels up to 10 millimeters in diameter" meant that the rocketmen needed a pencil sharpener. Years later, during the darkest days of the U.S. Army's missile program, Werner von Braun was to put such Kummersdorf experience to historic use.

Despite its difficulties, by 1935 the Kummersdorf group had successfully fired two liquid-fuel rockets, christened Max and Moritz (the German cartoon equivalents of the Katzenjammer Kids), and had outgrown the Kummersdorf facilities, moved on to a new range at desolate, marshy Peenemünde, on the Baltic Coast.

Adolf's Attention. At Peenemünde, with its 250-mile rocket range, Germany's missiles went higher and higher, building steps into space. That was fine for Von Braun—but it was not yet the sort of military hardware that Germany wanted. World War II put on the pressure: Peenemünde must either produce a devastating military weapon or get out of business. Peenemünde's answer was the A-4 (stand-

"ROCKET CITY, U.S.A."

HUNTSVILLE, ALA. (610-636 alt., est. 55,000 pop.), Madison Co. seat; 5 mi. from U.S. Army's Redstone Arsenal, Ballistic Missile Agency, Ordnance Guided Missile School; 2 R.R. lines (Southern Ry., Louisville and Nashville R.R.); 2 airlines (8 flts. out dly., incl. drct. srvc. to N.Y., Wash., Chi., Atlanta, Miami); Accoms.: 3 hotels, 21 motels; Local bus fare: 10¢; Swim: mun. pl. pools; Fish: Tenn. River; Yrly. evnts.: Catholic Festival (Aug.), co. fair (Sept.); 1-hr. pkg. lmt. dwtwn.; Avge. temp.: 74.6 deg. summer, 50 deg. winter.



Yesterday. Huntsville, on rich bottomland along the Tennessee River 90 miles north of Birmingham, with high hills to the east and west (Werner von Braun lives on one of them, which has been dubbed Sauerkraut Hill, and is building a home on the highest, Monte Sano), was founded in 1805 by John Hunt, a Revolutionary War militia captain. It was Alabama's first incorporated town (1811), with the first incorporated bank (1816), site of the state's first constitutional convention (1819); from Confederate War Secretary Leroy Pope Walker in Huntsville came the 1861 order to fire on Fort Sumter. For years, Madison County was Alabama's top cotton producer (80,000 bales in 1948) and Huntsville, with nine mills, lived on King Cotton. The Depression almost left one-industry Huntsville a ghost town. Says a longtime resident: "If you could stand on the courthouse steps with as much as a dollar in your pocket, you were the richest man in town." Huntsville's big boom began in 1950, when Werner von Braun & Co. arrived to start making Army missiles at Redstone Arsenal, a World War II shell-loading installation that had been taken out of commission in 1946.

Today. Sleepy Huntsville, "the water cress capital of the world," came alive almost overnight; its easy Southern cadences intermixed with the get-it-done twang of Yankee technicians and the business-first guttural of the German scientists. Although only one of the cotton mills now remains in operation, Huntsville thrives as never before on an \$81-million-a-year Army payroll. Where once Huntsville extended a mile in each direction from its yellow brick courthouse, it now covers 40 square miles, with gracious antebellum homes, squalid Negro slums, and \$15,000-per-unit development homes for Redstone's 16,000 employees. In 1950 there were 8,807 telephones in Huntsville; now there are 25,678. Building permits totaled \$2,500,000 in 1950; last year the total

was \$10,767,000 (not including the \$20 million building program at Redstone itself). Memorial Parkway, a new four-lane stretch of U.S. 231, is lined with housing developments, more than a dozen modern motels, a \$3,000,000 shopping plaza (with a delicatessen featuring Wiener schnitzel), and two new schools. A pride of the community is the new 55-piece Huntsville Civic Orchestra—with Werner Kuers, one of Von Braun's old German rocket hands, as concertmaster.

Tomorrow. Huntsville's future obviously depends on Army missile fortunes—and after Explorer, the hopes of self-styled "Rocket City, U.S.A." shot sky high. Under able, rough-talking Mayor R. B. ("Spec") Searcy, Huntsville has done a good job of meeting the demands imposed by its boom. With pupil enrollment expanding by 1,200 a year, Huntsville last week opened a million-dollar junior high school, plans to open two more schools in September, has three others on the drawing boards. (Because of the heavy load of Redstone children, the U.S. provides federal aid to schools—\$1,000,000 in 1957.) Says School Superintendent Raymond Christian: "So far we haven't had to double-shift. Let 'em come. We'll be ready." Bonds for a \$4,000,000 sewage disposal plant went on the market last week. The Huntsville Housing Authority has built 620 low-rent housing units, has 539 more in the final planning stage, will have three urban renewal projects underway by midyear. The Albert Pick Hotels chain plans a 250-room motel with a banquet room for 400 people, and the Chrysler Corp. and other Redstone contractors plan expanded Huntsville field offices. When Explorer orbited, the daily-except-Saturday Huntsville Times put out a Saturday morning "Satellite Extra" with a 120-point streamer: JUPITER-C PUTS UP MOON, Huntsville hopes to ride just as high as that moon. Says Times Editor Rees Amis: "I just don't see how we can do anything but grow and prosper."

ing for Aggregate-4, but later named V-2, for Vengeance Weapon Two, by Hitler's gang). Its first test was a dismal flop. So was the second. For Peenemünde, the third test was to die. On Oct. 3, 1942, the A-4 soared supersonically to a history-making height of nearly 60 miles, functioned perfectly. Peenemünde's men danced and wept in their joy. Walter Dornberger turned to Werner von Braun. "Do you realize what we accomplished today?" he asked. "Today the spaceship was born."

The success ultimately won Hitler's personal attention, but Hitler's blessing proved only a curse. Impossible production schedules were set for the V-2, driving Von Braun to the point of resigning. Nazidom's power-grabbers began fighting for control of the weapon Hitler had approved, and in February 1944, Werner von Braun was jailed by Heinrich Himmler's black-shirted SS because he declined to connive in putting the Peenemünde project under SS control instead of army control. Only after Dornberger convinced Hitler himself that the V-2 program would collapse immediately without Von Braun was Von Braun released. By that time he had begun to like his jail. "I had plenty of time to think," says he, "and it was so quiet there."

U.S. Attention. Von Braun returned to Peenemünde to rain V-2 ruin on London (when the first V-2 smashed London, Spaceman von Braun remarked to a friend that the rocket had worked perfectly except for landing on the wrong planet). But the war was already lost for Nazi Germany. Caught between the advancing Russian and U.S. armies, Von Braun and most of his tried, tested rocket team decided to go with the West. They fueled trucks with rocket alcohol and headed south. Von Braun had printed official-looking stickers with the mysterious letters VZBV—standing for some fictional sort of "Special Project Disposition"—which cleared all roadblocks for them. During the trip Von Braun's driver fell asleep at the wheel, the car crashed, Von Braun's left arm was broken and his face gashed (he still has a scar above his lip). Von Braun and Dornberger stayed three weeks in a Bavarian mountain lodge, finally sent Von Braun's younger brother, Magnus, bicycling downhill to invite the Americans to come and capture Peenemünde's top rocketmen. (Says Magnus: "I was the youngest, I spoke the best English, and I was the most expendable.") The U.S. Army was delighted to accept that invitation and, in a project known as Operation Paperclip, selected Von Braun and 120 of his best team members to go to the U.S. under contract with the Army to build rockets.

"How Dignified?" Once it had them, the U.S. hardly knew what to do with the German rocketeers. The world was again at peace, and no Congressman in his right mind would appropriate money for missilery or for Von Braun's dream of space exploration. Von Braun and his men, lonely and discouraged, were set down at Fort Bliss, Texas, left to tinker around, pretty much by themselves, with

old V-2s, moved no closer to space. The Korean war changed that: in 1950 the German scientists were rushed bag and baggage to Huntsville (see box) with orders to build the Army a long-range missile with nuclear-payload capability. Result: the Redstone missile, successfully launched at Cape Canaveral in 1953.

For the first time, Werner von Braun's reach for the stars was accepted as more science than science fiction. In the summer of 1954 Von Braun and a dozen other space enthusiasts from the services and industry gathered in the Washington office of Lieut. Commander George Hoover, U.S.N., to talk about launching a satellite. Von Braun proposed to slam a 5-lb. chunk of metal into orbit with the brute force of a souped-up Redstone; the Office

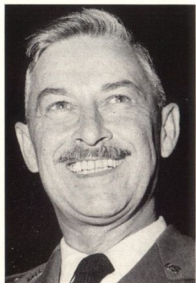
develop the Army's Jupiter intermediate-range ballistic missile as a competitor of the Air Force's Thor—and Von Braun said he needed test vehicles to iron out some of the problems. He wangled permission to build twelve Jupiter-Cs—actually, almost the same jacked-up Redstones with which he had proposed to put a small moon into orbit.

By Sept. 20, 1956, the first Jupiter-C was ready for firing at Cape Canaveral. It was a four-stage missile, with even a dummy fourth-stage satellite configuration—just like the bird that last fortnight put Explorer into orbit. By this time, Pentagon brass had a notion that Von Braun might be trying to beat the Navy into space with an unauthorized—and presumably undignified—major satellite. The Army, which had had the foresight to bring Von Braun and his team to the U.S. in the first place, and which had supported him all along in the face of awesome obstacles, would have liked nothing better than for him to toss up the first U.S. satellite. Such men as Lieut. General James Gavin, the brainy chief of Research and Development, and Major General John Medaris, the able military commander at the Army Ballistic Missile Agency, saw in a successful moon, and its proof of rocket superiority, a way for the Army to break out of its post-Korea roles-and-missions bog-down. But the orders giving Vanguard its exclusive franchise on space were clear and firm, and the Army could not risk defying them.

General Medaris therefore had no choice but to call Von Braun. "Werner," said he, "I must put you under direct orders personally to inspect that fourth stage to make sure it is not live." Without a satellite, Jupiter-C flew 3,300 miles—farther than any U.S. missile before or since. Werner von Braun knew then that he could surely launch a satellite—if given the chance.

The Chance. He got his chance, months later, the hard way. On the night of Oct. 4, 1957, Von Braun was called to the telephone from a Redstone dinner honoring Defense Secretary-designate Neil McElroy. Voice on the wire: "New York Times calling, Doctor." Von Braun: "Yes?" *Timesman*: "Well, what do you think of it?" Von Braun: "Think of what?" *Timesman*: "The Russian satellite, the one they just orbited."

Von Braun hurried back to the dinner table, broke the news of Sputnik I, turned earnestly to Neil McElroy. "Sir," he said, "when you get back to Washington you'll find that all hell has broken loose. I wish you would keep one thought in mind through all the noise and confusion: we can fire a satellite into orbit 60 days from the moment you give us the green light." Army Secretary Wilber Brucker, who had accompanied McElroy, raised a hand of objection: "Not 60 days." Von Braun was insistent: "Sixty days." General Medaris settled it: "Ninety days." Neil McElroy remembered the Army's promise (for that matter the Army, with constant pleas for a stake in space, did not give him a chance to forget), and two weeks after taking office he made



ARMY'S MEDARIS
"Werner, let's go!"

Associated Press

of Naval Research kicked in \$88,000 for work on an instrumented satellite, and Project Orbiter was born. It was short-lived; a panel of scientists sailed into the picture to recommend that the U.S. satellite become a project for the International Geophysical Year, and decided to put their money on the beautifully designed but totally untried Navy Vanguard. Argued Werner von Braun: "This is not a design contest. It is a contest to get a satellite into orbit, and we're way ahead on this." He was overruled. In the astonishing 1955 decision to divorce satellite development from weaponry, the Vanguard was accepted as having more "dignity." Snorted Werner von Braun at the time: "I'm all for dignity. But this is a cold-war tool. How dignified would our position really be if a man-made star of unknown origin suddenly appeared in our skies?"

Werner von Braun and his rocket team, the world's most experienced, were specifically ordered to forget about satellite work. They did no such thing, and neither did their U.S. Army bosses. The Von Braun team had been authorized to

his decision. Wernher von Braun heard about it when Medaris' voice came over his Redstone squawk box. "Wernher," said Medaris, "let's go!"

A Good Dusting. Von Braun went—and fast. The very next week, he reserved Cape Canaveral range time for the night of Jan. 29, 1958, between 10:30 p.m. and 2:30 a.m. (he would have hit it right on the nose except for bad weather). Jupiter-C had been ready for months. Says Von Braun: "All she needed was a good dusting. We simply took every bit of care on her that was humanly possible. That is the most you can do and the least you can do in missilery."

But the satellite itself, with its delicate instrumentation, might well have held the whole project up for months or years—had not Wernher von Braun, during most of the period that he was barred from engaging in satellite work, been in what he calls "silent coordination" with Caltech's William Pickering and the University of Iowa's James Van Allen in planning Explorer and its instruments.

A Genius Quality. Thus, just 84 days after the go-ahead from McElroy, the U.S. Explorer streaked into space. And last week Wernher von Braun, who sweated out the shoot in Washington (TIME, Feb. 10), returned to his white frame house on Huntsville's "Sauerkraut Hill"—and to the brightest new day that his Army-run German rocket team had faced in more than 20 years.

Some 3,300 scientists and technicians work under Von Braun—but the top men, without exception, are old Peenemünde hands. Nearly all of them, including Von Braun, have become U.S. citizens. Nearly all could make more money in private industry, but they have refused to leave the job. Why? Because they are all enthusiasts, caught up in the space dream. Asks Wernher von Braun scornfully: "What corporation would have sent up a satellite two weeks ago?"

Redstone has no set routine. "Once you have routine," says a lab chief, "you don't have development any longer. Everything changes, and if we stopped changing, we would be out of business." Each man is tops in his own field, works with a minimum of interference from Von Braun. Says one: "If you leave me alone in peace, maybe I'll get finished in a year. If you try to help me, it may take me three years." Yet the work has to be held together, and that is Von Braun's job. It is a job to which he brings a spectrum of knowledge that spans many specialties. Explains Test Lab Chief Karl Heimburg: "I might find it hard to comprehend what Walter Hauesserman [head of the guidance and control lab] is saying. His field is strange to me. Yet Professor von Braun can restate it and make me see clear as day. This is a genius quality."

The Future of Man. When Wernher von Braun goes home at night, his wife Maria (they have two daughters, Margrit, 5, and Iris, 9) can tell what sort of day he has had "before he even gets to the screen door—he shows everything in his face." The Von Brauns rarely leave their home at night, listen to chamber music on their



VON BRAUN & FAMILY

Bert Henry

"There is beauty in space, and it is orderly."

old-fashioned low-fi (they have no television set) while Von Braun pores over books in the living room. There, Wernher von Braun last week talked to TIME Correspondent Edwin Rees about his team's success with Explorer—and the future of man in space.

these laws, and obey them, space will treat you kindly. And don't tell me man doesn't belong out there. Man belongs wherever he wants to go—and he'll do plenty well when he gets there.

THE ECONOMY

From Lag to Sag

As Democratic chiefs in the Senate saw it last week, their party's Big Issue for this fall's congressional elections will no longer be the missile lag but the economic sag. The shift from lag to sag was evident both in dark grey oratory on the Senate floor and in busy bill-drafting off the floor.

"The people of this country are in serious economic trouble," cried Michigan's Pat McNamara. With Massachusetts' John Kennedy, McNamara co-sponsored a bill to fatten state unemployment benefits and make them run for 39 weeks instead of the now-usual 26. Tennessee's Albert Gore introduced a bill to boost federal aid to state and local governments for public-works projects. In keeping with a grand design sketched out by Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson—who was working on the economy when not busy with space—Senate Democrats were drafting six other recession-inspired bills, calling for increased federal spending for: roads (Gore), housing (Alabama's John Sparkman), hospitals (Alabama's Lister Hill), reclamation (New Mexico's Clinton Anderson), flood control (Oklahoma's Robert Kerr), aid to small business (Arkansas' William Fulbright).

At the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, President Eisenhower told his press conference that, in the opinion of his economic advisers, "it is reasonable to assume some upturn sometime toward the middle or just after the middle of the year." To a newsmen who asked whether the Administration might push for a tax cut if the economy failed to perk up at midyear, Ike replied yes, added that there is such

America has really been nice to us, and although we had to sit around and see the U.S. make some of the mistakes we had made long ago in missilery—it was like coming around the same track again—and we did feel frustrated at times, we are awfully lucky to have carried the day. It makes us feel that we paid back part of a debt of gratitude we owed this country.

Missiles are really interim weapons. This is because both nations have them. Man will always seek the ultimate weapon. And you know what this is? The ultimate weapon is what the other fellow doesn't have. A Piper Cub would take care of the entire Roman army; one machine gun could have eliminated the hordes of Attila. These are ultimate weapons. And so would the control of space be. Man must establish the principle of the freedom of space as he has done with freedom of the seas. And like everything else, we can only establish this from a position of relative strength.

You know, some think of the earth as a safe and comfortable planet, and they say that space is a hostile environment. This is not really true. Earth is protected by its blanket of atmosphere, to be sure, but it is a disorderly place, and unpredictable. It is full of storms and winds, of fogs and ice, of earthquakes. It is also full of people—people with thermonuclear bombs.

There is beauty in space, and it is orderly. There is no weather, and there is regularity. It is predictable. Just look at our little Explorer; you can set your clock by it—literally; it is more accurate than your clock. Everything in space obeys the laws of physics. If you know

a thing as "going too far with trying to fool with our economy."

Backing up the President, Treasury Secretary Robert B. Anderson and Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McChesney Martin agreed in testimony before Capitol Hill's Joint Economic Committee that 1) the U.S. economy is basically healthy and can be expected to recover its zip without drastic Government medication, and 2) strong hypodermics, such as a deficit-producing tax cut, might do harm by stimulating inflation fever. Inflation, warned Chairman Martin, will be "one of the most crucial problems we have to face over the next couple of years." Said Anderson: "I can conceive of situations where tax reductions might appropriately be brought into play, [but] the present condition of the economy does not warrant such action now." He added a firm promise: "Neither inflation nor deflation will be allowed to run a ruinous course."

INVESTIGATIONS

The Unlovable Counsel

Tension and excitement recalling the investigative heyday of the late Joe McCarthy hummed in a packed, green-walled hearing room on Capitol Hill last week. The quaintly named House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight was scheduled to air revelations about the Federal Communications Commission, and massed advance leaks to the press had hinted at sensational stuff, including a "criminal felony." Also reminiscent of the McCarthy period was the doomsday rumble in the voice of Subcommittee Counsel Bernard Schwartz. By week's end intense, brilliant Lawyer Schwartz, 35, New York University Law School professor and author of seven published books on law, had proved to be the most unlovable congressional investigation counsel since Roy Cohn.



LAWYER SCHWARTZ
He cried "Smearl!"

United Press

Honorariums Pocketed. What the subcommittee originally set out to investigate was whether Washington's "Big Six" regulatory commissions* had been operating autonomously, as Congress intended, without undue pressures from the White House or Capitol Hill. Such an investigation might well have been valuable and would have been welcomed by the commissions themselves. But Professor Schwartz applied for the counsel post, landed it, and bloodhounded an unscheduled investigation into the individual conduct of commission members.

The week's No. 1 witness was John Charles Doerfer, 53, a Wisconsin lawyer named to the FCC by President Eisenhower in 1953, and appointed chairman in mid-1957. Relentlessly, Schwartz piled up testimony and documents showing that Republican Doerfer had collected "honorariums" (not very lavish, usually \$100) for speeches to various broadcasting-industry gatherings outside Washington. On these trips Doerfer traveled at Government expense, collecting \$12 per diem allowances, although his hosts often paid his hotel bills. Most picked-over trip: a 1954 expedition during which Doerfer 1) took part in the dedication of a station KWTW tower in Oklahoma City, and 2) made a speech to a National Association of Broadcasters convention in Spokane. On this trip, as Schwartz & Co. reckoned it, Doerfer drew \$296.91 in travel expenses from the Government, got a total of \$1,080.87 in cash and paid tabs from KWTW and the N.A.B.

Brass Knuckles Rapped. Doerfer's defense was that the Federal Communications Act explicitly permits FCC commissioners to present "publications or papers for which a reasonable honorarium or compensation may be accepted." As for hotel bills, bar tabs, etc. paid by the broadcasting industry, "these things are accepted today as American amenities."

But Counsel Schwartz behaved as if accepting \$100 honorariums was a crime ranking close to arson. He hectorated Doerfer so unmercifully that the American Civil Liberties Union protested and the *Washington Post* and *Times Herald*, no friend of the Eisenhower Administration, rapped Schwartz's brass knuckles.

As the week went by, the heralded investigation crumbled into a fiasco. The *Chicago Tribune* revealed that the subcommittee's chairman, Missouri Democrat Morgan M. Moulder, had put his teen-age daughter Marcia on the congressional payroll as his office helper, enabling her to draw some \$12,000 during the four years she attended high school in Camden, Mo. Bleated Chairman Moulder: "Smearl!" Then the Tulsa (Okla.) *Tribune* reported that Schwartz had collected from the subcommittee \$400 in expense payments for four weekends he spent in Manhattan, where he has his own apartment. Thundered Counsel Schwartz: "Smearl!"

* Federal Communications Commission, Federal Power Commission, Federal Trade Commission, Interstate Commerce Commission, Securities and Exchange Commission, Civil Aeronautics Board.



Associated Press

LYDIA DEAN & DAUGHTER
He done her wrong.

CRIME

The Accident

The news that Mrs. Ronald Dean had shot and killed her 29-year-old Air Force technical sergeant husband in his parents' home near Oil City, Pa., shocked the members of that town's Optimist Club. It also shocked the club's happy, do-gooding ladies' auxiliary, a group called the Opti-Mrs. Together, they decided to help Lydia Dean. They passed the hat, ran notices in the newspapers, collected a defense fund of more than \$2,000 from as far away as Florida. By the time the trial began in Venango County a fortnight ago, the whole of western Pennsylvania knew Lydia Dean's story; she had been done wrong.

Love & Marriage. Slim, doe-eyed Lydia was a Filipina of 16 when she met Airman Dean at a dance in Luzon in 1952. They dated for 21 months ("We were talking of love," explained Lydia in her thin, childish voice), then got married. Dean brought his wife to the U.S. in 1954, and late that year, she had a baby girl. In 1956 Dean was transferred to a base in England, but before embarking, he found a four-room apartment for her in Pleasantville (pop. 704), near Oil City and near the small home of his parents in Shamburg. Lydia and Dean wrote faithfully to each other for about a year. Then Dean stopped writing. When he returned to the U.S. four months later, he called Lydia, announced that he had got an English girl pregnant, wanted a divorce. Six days later Dean was shot and killed by a bullet from an old Army Springfield rifle.

At the trial, Lydia sobbed the story of how she tried desperately to win back her husband, and of how he airily repulsed her. On the night of the killing, Dean slapped her face. Lydia ran into another room, saw the rifle. She decided, she testified, to prove her love by demanding that

her husband shoot her. Then she heard her baby cry, and in running to her daughter, tripped. The rifle fell, she insisted, and fired its slug two inches from Dean's ear.

Victory. So far, so good. But the prosecution had a good case. Why did Lydia cut the telephone line in the house? (To prevent Ronald from telephoning his British girl friend.) Why had she cut the wires on Dean's car and placed her daughter in a second car before the shooting? (To keep Ronald from driving away without her.)

Lydia stuck to her story. After a six-day trial, a Venango County jury last week found her not guilty. Lydia Dean decided that she would stay on in Pleasantville, "to be near my husband." And in Oil City the Optimists and the Opti-Mrs. got together for a big victory celebration.

LABOR

Bon Voyage

Resigned last week: William E. Maloney, 77, ailing president of the International Union of Operating Engineers (cranes, bulldozers, drilling rigs; membership 270,000), who declined to testify last month before Senator John McClellan's labor-management racketeering investigation subcommittee. The committee said that Maloney's union gave him a 47-ft., \$35,000 yacht, three race-track memberships, a country-club membership and a Washington apartment. Investigators also declared that Maloney (salary: \$50,000 a year) had a knack for collecting double and treble on his expense accounts. Once he traveled to Europe on behalf of the U.S. Labor Department, collected \$1,001 from the Government, \$13,387 from the union for such items as pictures for his *bon voyage* party (\$1,054); a camera, which was listed as "a recording machine" (\$411); a car bought in France and shipped to the U.S. (\$900).

Remarkable understatement by John McClellan, after hearing of the resignation: "A step in the right direction."

OPINION

Adlai v. Dick

Fifteen months after his second defeat for the presidency, Democrat Adlai Stevenson still runs slightly ahead of the strongest Republican possibility for 1960, Vice President Richard Nixon, the Gallup poll reported last week. Preferences among voters of both parties:

Stevenson	46%
Nixon	42%
Undecided	12%

GEORGIA

Griffin v. Talmadge

Anxious to become a world seaport, Bainbridge, Ga. (pop. 7,562) enjoys two advantages: 1) it straddles the Flint River, 105 miles from the Gulf of Mexico; 2) it is the home town of Georgia's frog-voiced Governor S. (for Samuel) Marvin Griffin. Last week a state senate investi-

gating committee complained that Bainbridge's home-town boy has been doing too much in trying to overcome nature's oversights. The Griffin administration has spent half a million dollars for a 400-ft. pier, a transit shed and sulphur unloading facilities. And along with brother Cheney Griffin (Bainbridge's mayor and Marv's paid state assistant) and six other Griffin administration officials, the governor is a stockholder in Caribe Transport Line, Inc., a company that will this spring take advantage of the facilities, put its one Honduran-flag freighter on a Bainbridge-to-Havana run.

The senate's attempt to nail Governor Griffin, who once ruled both houses of the legislature with little trouble, signaled that Griffin has run head on into Georgia Kingmaker Herman Talmadge, his prede-

LOUISIANA

King of the Crescent City

Nominated last week for a fourth term as New Orleans' mayor (and facing no Republican opposition in the April 8 general election): balding, bouncy Democrat deLeSeeps Story Morrison, 46, onetime boy wonder of Louisiana politics. During the campaign, Morrison's five primary opponents tilted at crime and police corruption, taunted the mayor as "a dictator," whipped up false fears over integration. Confident "Chep" Morrison calmly pointed to the glassy, classy \$8,000,000 city hall he built, the miles of Morrison-paved streets, improved garbage collections, New Orleans' impressive new railroad terminal and the 30 buildings added to the city's skyline in a decade (TIME,



Philip Guarrisco—New Orleans Mayor

NEW ORLEANS' MAYOR MORRISON & FAMILY
Pride goeth with a fourth.

cessor as governor and now Georgia's junior U.S. Senator. Under Georgia law, Griffin may not run again at term's end. Talmadge and his U.S. Senate colleague, Richard Russell, want Lieut. Governor Ernest Vandiver for Georgia's next governor. Griffin is backing former State Highway Board Chairman Roger H. Lawson, presumably because Lawson would turn the governor's chair back to Griffin at the end of his four-year term.

Watching the web weave around him, Marv Griffin last week summoned newsmen and investigating senators to his ornate office, snapped off a defiant but unapologetic double negative: "I ain't got no apologies to make." Griffin's enemies gleefully prepared to push more evidence under senatorial eyes, wondered meanwhile when the governor would return to his favorite role of No. 1 Southern white supremacist. Said one Griffin opponent: "Every time he gets in trouble, he talks about segregation."

May 20). When the ballots were counted, he had scooped up 90,000 of the 156,000 votes cast.

Even while election-night returns were rolling in, New Orleans wondered what the political future might hold for its energetic mayor. Under a new 1954 charter pushed by Morrison himself, Morrison's fourth term will be his last. He is anxious to progress in politics, will at midterm in 1960 have two opportunities to make headway: he can oppose the gubernatorial candidate put up by outgoing Governor Earl Long, or he can go after the seat held by Louisiana's powerful U.S. Senate Veteran (21 years) Allen J. Ellender. Best guess was that Morrison would try for the governorship, not only because Ellender would be a hard political nut to crack but also because Earl Long drubbed the mayor badly in the 1956 race for governor. To proud and progress-conscious Chep Morrison, the defeat still rankles.

FOREIGN NEWS

TUNISIA

With Bombs & Bullets

Goaded by the frustration of a war it can neither win nor end, France lost its head, and the result was a murderous display of the kind of ruthless brutality that the West commonly ascribes these days only to Communism.

It was market day, and the streets of Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef, a Tunisian village only 700 yards from the Algerian border, were thronged. Shortly before noon, a flight of 25 French military aircraft—mostly U.S.-made fighters and light bombers—swept over the border. In precise military formation, they bombed the town, strafed the streets with machine-gun fire. When the planes turned back to their Algerian bases an hour later, the scabrous little village was a shambles. Nearly 80 dead and 79 wounded were recovered from the rubble. A school was bombed out and 34 children buried in the ruins. Two Red Cross trucks, distributing clothing to Algerian refugees, had been blown to bits. Cried a survivor: "They did it with American planes, bombs and bullets!"

Why had France unleashed this savage attack on Tunisian civilians? By French report, several reconnaissance aircraft had been fired upon recently by machine guns emplaced in the village outskirts, and so, in the chilly words of France's Defense Minister Jacques Chaban-Delmas: "Our aviators did no more than exercise the right of legitimate defense against anti-aircraft elements operating from Tunisia with an impunity that was obviously unacceptable." A government spokesman added that he hoped "the Tunisian government would not seek to exaggerate the significance of the incident." Newsmen, stumbling through the rubble and counting the bodies laid out in long rows by the village cemetery, felt that the incident needed no exaggeration. Reported the New York Times's Thomas F. Brady, of 58 bodies laid out on the ground under the light of automobile headlights: "From their dress it was clear they were all poor folk . . . Some were horribly burned or mangled. Most were barefoot; none were in uniform."

Back to Normalcy. Back of France's sudden fit of savagery was a longer-growing irritation with Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba. Increasingly, France blames Bourguiba and his open support of Algeria's F.L.N. for its inability to crush the rebellion. The French have tried to seal off the 500-mile Tunisian border with heavy patrols and an electric fence. But Algerian recruits pour across it for intensive schooling in tactics at Tunisian-based training centers; trained men and equipment pour back to go into action in eastern Algeria.

Only two months after Foreign Minister Christian Pineau solemnly declared to the U.N. that "practically all over Algeria, life has returned to normalcy," the



Walter Bennett

PRESIDENT BOURGUIBA
In the ruins, a last hope.

rebellion had flared into new life. In the first days of February, F.L.N. ambushes and raids resulted in some 100 French casualties, and the heavily guarded rail line between the new Sahara oilfields and the port of Philippeville was blown up twice within ten days. A French divisional commander glumly admits that the F.L.N. is "incomparably better armed"

than a year ago. The French have begun speaking of Bourguiba in terms they once used for Egypt's meddlesome Gamal Abdel Nasser.

Bourguiba makes no secret of his sympathy for the Algerian rebels. One of the West's sturdiest and earliest friends in Arab North Africa, he argues that if Tunisia does not help the F.L.N., Algeria's rebels will turn to Cairo and the Soviet Union. He is tied to France by education and training, and his wife is French. When Bourguiba won his country's independence two years ago, he pledged himself and his new country to maintain "special links" with France, still looks to it for economic help. He has curbed the power of his anti-French Interior Minister, Taieb Mehri, and fired his Minister of Youth and Sports, Azouz Rebai, for using his position to inflame Tunisian youth. He has repeatedly ignored Communist overtures, and only accepted a \$250,000 Soviet shipment of medical supplies, food and clothing for Algerian refugees in Tunisia (estimated at from 20,000 to 40,000) on the condition that no Russian be allowed a hand in their distribution.

Trickling Aid. But he believes that France's refusal to come to terms with the Algerians threatens not only his own but the West's whole position in North Africa. He is especially bitter at the recent \$655 million loan to France, which he and other North African leaders interpret as financial support for France's Algerian war. He contrasts this aid with the trickle of money received by his own country.

"Tunisia is unique in the Arab world as having allied herself unequivocally with the Western bloc," says Bourguiba. "Tunisia is a bastion in North Africa, and U.S. support is vital if I am to maintain my influence with the Algerians. The only thing that has kept the Algerians from moving over to the side of Nasser is the help they are getting from Tunisia." Last week Bourguiba called it "disquieting" that the F.L.N. leaders, who have recently held their councils of war in Tunis, have shifted their next meeting to Cairo.

Confined to Barracks. The bombing of Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef seemed this week to have shattered Bourguiba's last hope of friendship with France. Within hours, he had recalled his ambassador from Paris, ordered the French to evacuate the Bizerte naval base, directed that the 18,000 French troops still garrisoned in Tunisia be confined to their barracks, and requested their removal from the country as soon as possible. Said Bourguiba grimly: "We are not at war with France, but we can consider that today's aggression marks the opening of hostilities."

Among the retreating colonial powers, the French have clung longest to the savage techniques of imperialism's unhappy past. In 1945, when Algerians killed some 100 French in a local uprising in the Constantine area, the French retaliated



Time Map by J. Donovan

by bombing and strafing towns, killed some 20,000 Algerians before calling a halt; in 1946 French warships and artillery bombarded Haiphong, killing some 10,000 Vietnamese; in 1947 the French wiped out entire villages in putting down a revolt in Madagascar, killing some 40,000 men, women and children.

It looked as if France's latest blunder might cost the West one of its best friends in North Africa, where it has none too many.

THE MIDDLE EAST

Sunrise in Cairo

"Within the Arab world," said Egypt's Strongman Nasser in 1953, "there is a role wandering aimlessly in search of a hero." Last week President Nasser made his biggest bid yet for the role of Arabism's hero. Meeting simultaneously in Cairo and Damascus, the Egyptian and Syrian Parliaments unanimously adopted his terms for immediate union and nominated him as sole candidate for President of the United Arab Republic.

"In the lives of nations," cried Nasser in a burst of emotional oratory, "there are generations ordained and solely chosen by destiny to witness decisive turning points in the history of mankind. This generation of Egyptians is one of those generations ordained by fate to live great moments of transition, moments that are like the pageant of the sunrise. We have witnessed the dawn of our independence, the dawn of our freedom, the rebirth of our pride and dignity, of our strength, of our hopes for a happy society. And today we live a new and glorious dawn, for the dawn of our unity is here at last."

"Long live Gamal, founder of Arab union!" roared the Cairo Deputies of the first leader to make a start toward the ancient dream of Arab brotherhood since Saladin united his Saracen hosts against the Crusaders in 1174. In Syria's Damascus the celebration was wilder. Bedouins whirled through the Arab sword dance, Soviet-made helicopters swooped overhead, 50,000 citizens paraded with their "Arab Unity" banners past the Parliament. Dark-suited legislators, who had just voted themselves and aging President Kuwatly out of jobs, produced guns from somewhere and blazed away into the sky in celebration.

Call It Democracy. Nasser and Kuwatly announced that the new state would be ratified next week by a plebiscite in which its 24 million Egyptian and 4 million Syrian citizens are also expected to name Nasser their chief. The President will appoint both Cabinet and Parliament, plus "executive councils" for each of the union's two "regions."

Such plans only confirmed Middle East speculation that Syrian nationalists had thought up the merger in their anxiety to head off a Communist drive for control of their country, and had accepted virtual annexation by Egypt as the only way out. Said Iraq's irascible old Nuri as-Said: "You don't have union when one of the countries is erased." Nasser's terms—pow-

er to impose a single party and choose its leader, to extirpate other parties—were clearly designed to allow Nasser to crack down on Syrian Communists as hard as he has on his own. Already Nasser's housecleaning was under way, Syria's Communist Party Chief Khaled Bakdash took one look at the proposed constitution and left by plane with his family for Moscow. Significantly, Moscow, which has clamored all available news of its Egyptian and Syrian friends for months, has had nothing to say about the Egypt-Syria merger.

Name It Neutralism. In invoking the cherished Arab unity dream to curb Communist penetration of the Syrian regime, Nasser may have done the West a useful service, however inadvertently. But the move had made him neither a better—nor a worse—prospect in the West's future plans. Little Yemen, the only other Mid-

Well aware that he needs time, Nasser has taken care not to make the new union seem an aggressive instrument. He ordered his press and radio to stop attacking Jordan's King Hussein. Nasser also passed word to Lebanon's Arab nationalist opposition to soft-pedal their demands to join the merger now.

Watch & Wait. But Nasser has blown a little flame into the smoldering dream of Arab union. Last week Jordan's Palestinian refugees, who make up two-thirds of King Hussein's troubled citizenry, were already agitating for merger with the new republic, and Hussein conferred worriedly with advisers, invited his cousin, Iraq's King Feisal, to discuss a union of their own. Feisal hastily accepted after hundreds of Iraqi deputies, ex-ministers and other dignitaries cable congratulatory to Cairo and Damascus. Saudi Arabia's King Saud, well aware that Egypt has long



YEMEN'S CROWN PRINCE EL BADR WITH EGYPT'S NASSER IN CAIRO
In the smolders, a little flame.

dle East country to receive aid from Russia, last week sent Crown Prince El Badr to Cairo to discuss some sort of federal relationship with the new state. But Nasser had made his vaunted "positive neutrality" look more substantial than before, had demonstrated that he can kick the Communists in the shins along with the West.

Nasser faces his first challenge outside his own country. As the champion of Arab unity, he must make his strange experiment succeed. His problem will be to show that relatively prosperous Syria can go on prospering in its new union with poverty-stricken Egypt. Despite Nasser's purge of Communists, the Russians will find it hard to withdraw the aid they have pledged, in view of their sanctimonious insistence that Russian aid is given without strings. But if Nasser's experiment should falter, he may be able to base a new plea to the West on the claim that he rid Syria of Communists.

agitated among his people against his autocratic rule, sent an emissary to Yemen to talk the Imam out of federating with the new republic. Warily, the Middle East watched and waited.

TURKEY

Silence, Please

Premier Adnan Menderes seems to believe that the simplest way to end domestic criticism of his government is to pass a law against it. After his re-election last fall, Menderes rammed through another in a series of restrictive laws making it a criminal offense for a newspaper to print anything said in Parliament that the Assembly president deems "defamatory to Parliament or its members." Opposition Deputies protested that the law could be used to prevent publication of legitimate criticism of the government. The Istanbul newspaper *Cumhuriyet* sent a copy of the

statute to Professor Husein Kubali, a Sorbonne-trained expert on constitutional law at Istanbul University, asked for his opinion. On strictly legal grounds, Kubali held that the statute was unconstitutional because "it perverted the principle of freedom of expression" as defined by the Turkish constitution.

The government's response was immediate. First Education Minister Celal Yardimci demanded that Kubali be examined by a three-man board of his colleagues on the charge of "political activity." The board cleared him. But Education Minister Yardimci ignored their decision and last week suspended Kubali.

The university was in midterm recess, and the government had ordered the campus ringed by 300 police and cavalry as a "security measure." But some 600 students defiantly rallied to give departing Professor Kubali an ovation, carried him on their shoulders to his car despite his urging that they disperse. In Istanbul on a Ford Foundation project, Columbia University Law Professor Emeritus Elliott Cheatham urged the U.S. ambassador to intervene on Kubali's behalf because "I am sure Professor Kubali's attendance at the Conference on the Rule of Law at the University of Chicago last year strengthened his decision to speak forthrightly."

Cheatham and his friends canvassed U.S. and European schools to find a new job for Kubali. They may well be too late. At week's end the Turkish Parliament had before it a new law giving the government the right to prohibit Turkish professors from teaching in any foreign universities without the Education Minister's express permission.

BENELUX

Goal Reached

Back in 1946, in a historic meeting at The Hague, the leaders of Belgium, The Netherlands and Luxembourg committed their nations to a far-reaching experiment in cooperation and trust among Europe's sovereign states—an economic union that obliterated economic borders to let goods, capital and labor flow as freely as they do across U.S. state lines.

Meeting at The Hague last week, Premiers of the three nations looked back on eleven years' experience of union, and found it good. Lowered trade barriers had not brought ruinous competition for small local industries, but expansion. Trade among the three countries has trebled in a decade (to \$1,100,000,000 in 1956), while trade with other countries doubled (to \$10,781,200,000 in 1956).

Premiers and Foreign Ministers forthwith signed a treaty that formalized the steps already progressively taken, and the Benelux Economic Union, the world's fourth largest foreign trader, was officially born. "There is no longer any doubt that we will stay united," declared Belgium's Premier Achille Van Acker. As a pilot plant for the European Common Market, in which the three small nations are joined with France, West Germany and Italy, Benelux augured well.



James Burke—Life
KHRUSHCHEV ON THE FARM
Scatter the tractors.

RUSSIA

Dismantling the Fortresses

One of the human upheavals vast enough to change the physical look of a large part of the earth's surface was the collectivizing of Soviet agriculture. One hundred and eight million Russian peasants were forcibly torn from the traditional checkerboard of their individual farms and resettled in a new pattern of huddled hamlets dotting the forest-wall-to-forest-wall carpeting of huge collectively tilled fields. This battle for collectivization, Stalin told Churchill, was harder to

win than the war against Hitler, and he killed or starved to death an estimated 6,000,000 Russians in winning it. In that battle, the dictator's fortresses and control posts in the Russian countryside were the state tractor stations that he set up to supply machinery to the collective farms.

Across the snowdrifted steppes of Soviet Russia last week slogged hundreds of thousands of peasants to attend party-organized "discussion" meetings about Nikita Khrushchev's latest decision: to abolish the tractor stations. Speaking last month to farm officials in Minsk, the First Party Secretary announced that the Machine Tractor Stations had outlived their usefulness as originally constituted, and that henceforth the collectives may buy and operate their own machinery. "Where there are two masters on the land, there can be no good order," he thundered. "The tractor station sows no flax but is supplied with flax machines. It plants no cabbage but is supplied with machines to plant seedlings."

The change does not mean a retreat from state control. In enlarging the collectives and assigning them their own machinery, Khrushchev is actually making them more like the big state farms, the "factories on the land," which he favors as cheaper producers of foodstuffs. Thus he brings nearer the day when all Russia's crops can be tilled and harvested by workers paid by the hour like any other factory hands.

WEST GERMANY

Sharing the Burden

When the Western allies restored West German sovereignty in 1955, an implicit part of the bargain in allied eyes was German responsibility to help support the NATO defense troops on its soil until West Germany could provide a full-sized force of its own. Since then the German buildup has lagged; the allied troops have had to stay on but the Germans have begrudged every pennig the allies asked for their support. When Britain presented its bill for the current year, Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss flatly refused to pay, and was backed by the Cabinet. Germany needed the money to build up its own defense forces, said Strauss. To a French claim for funds Strauss warned bluntly, "They will get a no from us too." Even the intervention of NATO Secretary General Paul-Henri Spaak failed to budge the Germans.

Last week Strauss tried to cool British resentment with an offer to advance Britain \$280 million against future German armament buying. Britain could use the cash to bolster foreign currency reserves, but such a "loan" was hardly a substitute for the funds it needs to help support its 60,000-man Rhine army.

The dispute may end before the NATO Council, where Britain and France can point to the fact that Germany has been contributing less than 4% of its gross national product to the Western military effort compared with 9% for Britain, 7% for France, almost 12% for the U.S. To



Heinrich von der Becke
FRANZ JOSEF STRAUSS
Pinch the pennig.

add insult to injury, as tax-weary Britons noted last week, Bonn's latest budget proposal includes a sweeping tax reduction that will eliminate income taxes completely for some 3,000,000 Germans.

EAST GERMANY

Crack in the Ice

While ideological thaw crept through the satellites in the wake of the 20th Party Congress, East Germany's Socialist Unity (Communist) Party remained the iceberg of the Communist world. Goat-bearded First Secretary Walter Ulbricht, 64, an old-line Stalinist, kept his party and his nation under tight control. Intellectuals or students showing signs of "liberalism" were summarily jailed.

Last week the iceberg suddenly cracked. Without warning, Ulbricht fired three of his top associates, labeled them members of "an opportunistic group trying to change the political line of the party." In short, the three had shown signs of thaw. "Others" in the party, added the announcement, were associated with the group—a sign that a good-sized purge was in progress.

Most important was grave, bespectacled Karl Schirdewan, generally considered Ulbricht's prospective heir as Communist boss of East Germany. When Ulbricht visited Moscow last year, Schirdewan sat in for him as First Secretary. Schirdewan was charged with "advocating a safety-valve policy akin to that applied in Hungary and Poland." In an indictment that was also an unconscious admission, a Politburo spokesman explained: "Had we followed [Schirdewan's] opinions, very probably we would have had to suppress a counter-revolution with use of arms."

HISTORICAL NOTES

Diary of Anne Frank: The End

The diary of 15-year-old Anne Frank ended abruptly when the Nazis broke into her family's hiding place in Amsterdam. What happened next? Of the last days of one of the world's best-known modern heroines, little was known except that she had died, like millions of other Jews, in a German concentration camp. To fill out the chronicle of her short life, West German Publisher S. Fischer last year assigned Author Ernst Schnabel to search the German and Dutch archives and interview survivors of the camps who might have known her. In Paris *Le Figaro Littéraire* printed excerpts from Schnabel's findings, to be published as a book in the U.S. this fall.

Anne, her sister Margot, and her father and mother were first taken to Westerbork prison in The Netherlands. Then shipped by cattle car to Auschwitz. Recalls a woman fellow prisoner: "The doors of the cars were opened violently, and the first thing we saw at Auschwitz was the garish light of the searchlights trained on the cars. . . . The voice of a loudspeaker dominated all others; it bellowed: 'Women to the left, men to the right!' I saw them go away: Mr. Van Daan, Mr. Dus-

sel, Peter, Mr. Frank." The men never saw the women again. The women were told that trucks were ready to take the small children and the sick to the prison. But those who fought their way into the trucks never reached the camp; they vanished from the face of the earth.

Sackcloth Smocks. At Auschwitz, Anne's long hair was clipped and her eyes seemed to grow larger and larger as she grew thinner. Her gaiety disappeared but not her indomitable spirit. The women were divided into groups of five and, though the youngest of her group, Anne became its leader, partly because she was efficient at scrounging necessities. When during cold weather she and the others were reduced to sackcloth smocks, Anne found somewhere a supply of men's long underwear. She even magically produced a cup of coffee for an exhausted prisoner.

Most of the adults tried to armor themselves against reality: "Who bothered to look at the flames billowing up

women were ordered into a hall where, seated behind the glare of a searchlight, a doctor chose this one for Belsen, that one for the gas chamber. "Anne's face remained unchanged, even in the cruel light of the projector. She took Margot's arm and they came forward. I can see them now, stripped naked. Anne turned her serene face toward us; then they were led away. It was impossible to see what happened behind the light, and Mrs. Frank cried: 'The children! My God! My God!'"

In the hell of Belsen, Anne and Margot Frank lasted scarcely five months. They both became ill. Margot was in a coma for several days and was found, fallen from her bunk, dead. Anne was so sick that no one told her of Margot's fate. Says a fellow prisoner who watched: "Several days later she died peacefully, in the certitude that death was not a calamity."

POLAND

Halfway House

Luxuriating in one of the little freedoms that distinguish Gomulka's Poland from other Communist countries, some 15.5 million Poles last week pondered voting lists with real choices, walked into polling stations that afforded real privacy, marked ballots with decision. The elections were for local councils across the nation, and admittedly the lists favored candidates of the regime-dominated National Front; voters who chose not to mark their ballots voted automatically for the National Front's men whose names appeared at the top on all lists. Still the right to scratch a name existed.

Only one major question was involved: Did the Gomulka government still command enough respect to bring voters out in large numbers for a national election? A year ago an impressive 94% of eligible voters turned out for the parliamentary elections to give Gomulka a solid vote of confidence. In the face of growing public disenchantment with the Communist leader, the regime nervously decided on a fair test. There were no vast Communist demonstrations; not a Communist flag, not even a picture of Lenin or Gomulka, was to be seen as the polls opened on the bright winter Sunday morning.

As usual, vodka sales were banned on election day and, dressed in Sunday best, most voters went straight from Mass to the apartment houses, factories, country shops or town halls where dignified local polling officials kept potbellied stoves stoked against the biting cold. Parents came to vote with small children wrapped in sheepskin *koczyki*. Nuns with stiff white headpieces stood in lines with mustachioed peasants and smartly uniformed army officers. One elderly woman arrived to vote with a goose on a leash.

The results showed that more than 86% of Poland's eligible voters had participated, and of those who did, 97% deferred to the top-seeded National Front candidates. The vote was less a vote of confidence in Gomulka's future than a recognition that however drafty his halfway house to independence, the past had been worse.



United Press

ANNE FRANK
Death was not a calamity.

from the crematory? When, suddenly, an order came to barricade the neighboring block, who was disturbed? We well knew that they were being readied for the gas chamber, but we were too well-trained to worry about it. We no longer heard anything, saw anything."

But Anne Frank did, right up to the end. Said a survivor: "I can still see her standing by the door, watching a group of naked young gypsy girls being shoved along to the crematory. Anne watched them, weeping. And she also wept when we filed past Hungarian children waiting, twelve hours naked under the rain, for their turn to enter the gas chamber. Anne cried: 'Look at their eyes!' She wept when most of us had no tears left."

Behind the Light. On Oct. 30, 1944, there was a selection of the youngest and strongest to be sent to the concentration camp at Belsen. Single file, the undressed

YUGOSLAVIA

The Old Man & the Eel

Along Yugoslavia's wild coast of Dalmatia, the test of a man is his ability to pull an oar. In the balmy Adriatic summer the test comes rarely. But in winter, the cold bora wind sweeps down from the mountains, battering the little fishing boats with gusts that reach 120 m.p.h., and the lives of the whole crew depend on their oars.

Ivica Krunic was a fisherman in the village of Bol on the isle of Brac. First as a boy with his brothers, then as a man with his sons, Ivica had pulled his oar with the



IVICA KRUNIC
Death on the end of the line.

best in the 25-ft., four-oared boats. But two winters ago, when Ivica was 68, his sons Vicko and Ivo came to him one day with an ultimatum: he must stay home because, unable to pull his weight, he endangered not only his own life but theirs, if the bora struck.

Ivica stayed home brooding. So he was too old and too weak. "Budalastina [What poppycock]," he muttered. "I am stronger than all the men of Bol, and I will show them." Ivica knew a cove along the shore beyond the village. Hiding in the rocks of a reef 50 ft. out was a giant conger eel. For years the men of Bol had tried to catch it and had failed. Every day after the younger men had rowed off to the fishing grounds, the old man clambered along the rocky shore to the cove and cast toward the reef. Always the eel snapped the line or bit through it, and slid back to its underwater cave. As month followed month, the eel grew fat on Ivica's bait.

Old Ivica was as stubborn as the eel. He had a big hook made specially for him

by the village blacksmith. Discarding the useless line, he tied his hook to a thin steel wire and sat down on the rocks to wait. Ivica grew drowsy in the warm sun, looped the wire around his leg so that the eel's first tug would awaken him. That evening he did not return home. Ivica's sons found him, floating dead, in shallow water near the reef. The steel line was looped tightly around his leg. On the other end of the line was the eel, a 10-ft.-long, 300-lb. giant—the biggest ever caught in the Adriatic Sea with hook and line.

SOUTH VIET NAM

When the Sky Fell

Of all the silken women of the East, few have been more diligently trained in eye-fluttering subservience than the reed-slim Tonkinese and Annamese maidens of South Viet Nam. But when President Ngo Dinh Diem proclaimed his nation's independence two years ago, his newly enfranchised countrywomen began to remold their personalities under the leadership of the President's keenly intelligent sister-in-law, beautiful, sloe-eyed Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu. With the help of her enormous charm and an occasional whisk of a sandalwood fan, Madame Ngo got herself elected to South Viet Nam's National Assembly, helped elect five other woman Deputies, and launched a drive for legislation banning 1) polygamy, 2) divorce, and 3) arranged marriages.

The tempest churned up by the sandalwood fans in Saigon has rustled palm fronds and stirred feminine emotions across the land. Last week all Saigon was astir with the story of Co Ha, an 18-year-old maiden of Going Ving, a thatched-hut village 40 miles southwest of the capital.

Lemonade Lather. By the molten chocolate ribbon of the mighty Mekong River, Co Ha and the bridegroom whom her father had selected sat down before a long table set out with roast chickens, pig, steaming white rice, and jar after jar of yellow rice wine and white-lightning *chum-chum*. Despite the wedding finery that set off her lustrous black hair, the bride-to-be sat among the wedding guests blinking back her tears. She had already protested that she did not want to marry the wealthy but middle-aged landowner chosen by her father, that her true love was a penniless farm boy named Nguyen Van Sa. While the guests downed the food and wine, Co Ha watched and waited from the traditionally isolated bride's chair at the end of the table. When the men began to nod with drink, Co Ha knew her moment had come.

Co Ha doused her hair in sweet lemonade, and before her father, the bridegroom or any of the guests could recover their senses, shaved herself bald—which to good Buddhists signifies the renunciation of all fleshly pleasures and was, therefore, a flaming insult to the groom.

Saved from Suicide. Co Ha's father grabbed his head with his hands and moaned: "The sky is falling over my head." Tradition bound him to repay the

insulted bridegroom with twice as much jewelry as he had given his betrothed, plus twice as many pigs and chickens as had been provided for the wedding feast. It was too much. Ha's father jumped into the Mekong, bent on self-destruction. But Co Ha's true love, watchfully waiting near by, dived into the river and saved him. Broken in spirit, Co Ha's father had to give his consent to the happy young couple.

When her hair grows out, Co Ha will marry the man of her choice. Her father, facing a protracted period of disgrace, went home to count his diminished wealth and mutter imprecations against modern



John Dominis—Life
MME. NGO DINH NHU
Tempest among the palms.

notions. Across the land, Saigon's press reported a sharp increase in shaven-headed maidens, a sharp decrease in arranged marriages. Encouraged, Madame Ngo pressed on.

SOUTH AFRICA

The Prime Minister's Secretary

"The natives are laughing at us," moaned a member of South Africa's lily-white Nationalist Party last week. Reason for his state of nerves: none other than Gideon Andrew Keyser, 39, private secretary to Johannes Gerhardus Strydom, Prime Minister of South Africa, had just been convicted of making a pass at a 16-year-old African girl.

To the flaming apostles of *apartheid* in the Nationalist Party, the Keyser case was terribly embarrassing. All concerned did their best to avoid the public eye. The case was shunted to a remote, dark room in Pretoria magistrate's court; the hearings were held in the late afternoon behind closed doors. But the record of

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the proceedings reached opposition newspapers, and they splashed the story for South Africans (white) and South Africans (non-white) to read.

The girl, whose name was withheld, told the court that she first met Keyser in a dairy where she had gone to buy milk. He nodded to her, the girl said, and asked where she lived. The next day they met again at the dairy and, said the girl, Keyser asked to visit her. The girl said that she refused that request and a second one later, but that on Jan. 29 she agreed. "He said he would come about 9 p.m. and would give me £1 [\$2.80]," the girl testified. The girl went to the police. When Keyser arrived on schedule, the watching police waited until his intention became unmistakable, then arrested him.

The 1957 Immorality Act forbids sexual relations between whites and non-whites. In the dock, Keyser, owner of two dairies and a former tennis champion of Northern Transvaal, pleaded: "I beg to be released with a warning. I was private secretary to the Prime Minister and have a wife and two children. I was held in high esteem by the public, and I do not drink or smoke."

The court found him guilty. Its sentence (suspended pending appeal): four months' imprisonment, plus four strokes with a bamboo cane.

In Parliament, Strydom's Justice Minister Charles Swart declared that the opposition planned to use this "unfortunate instance of a public servant" against the Nationalists in the campaign for the April general elections. On hearing this, the Nationalists glowered at their opponents and burst into shouts of "Shame!"

INDONESIA

Brink of Revolt

Indonesia edged closer and closer to revolt. In sweltering Djakarta, politicians apprehensively swapped rumors, and the press daily demanded the return of President Sukarno from his extended vacation. "Dally no more," urged the *Times of Indonesia*. But in Tokyo, Sukarno dallied on. He lunched with Emperor Hirohito, visited shrines, banded compliments with Miss Nippon of 1951. "There is no cause for alarm or anxiety," said Sukarno.

Premier Djuanda thought otherwise. Last week Djuanda dispatched the Masjumi (Moslem) Party's respected Elder Statesman Mohammed Roem to insurgent headquarters at Padang in Sumatra to propose a compromise. Djuanda's offer: if the dissidents agree to stay their hand until the President returns, he will ask Sukarno to purge the National Council of its Communists and fellow travelers and to invite former Vice President Mohammed Hatta back into the government, probably to take over as Premier from Djuanda himself.

Too Late? Djuanda's compromise might have come too late. In Padang, Roem found some civilian leaders receptive. "But," Masjumi Party Chairman Mohammed Natsir told him, "it is not for



MOHAMMED NATSIR
Is Sukarno "finished?"

us to decide." Plainly, Colonel Maludin Simbolon and his fellow colonels have grown increasingly impatient with Sukarno's attempts to solve the crisis by postponement, and the colonels' power is decisive in Padang's councils. For they control most of oil- and rubber-rich Sumatra (which they propose to make the base of their counter-government if Sukarno cannot be brought to terms), can also claim scattered support in the nominally uncommitted areas of Borneo, Java and the Celebes.

Even the Masjumi Party's Natsir, while counseling moderation and patience, had himself turned outspokenly critical of Su-

karno. "West Irian [West New Guinea] was not a real issue for Sukarno," Natsir wrote in an open letter published in the Sumatra press. "It was only the stepping-stone for a far greater strategic move—the severance of all relations with the Western democracies, and the use of the economic and political consequences of this action to bring Indonesia into the Soviet bloc."

Reproach for a Comrade. In an attempt to force Sukarno into action, the colonels dispatched a mission of their own to Tokyo. The delegation was headed by Colonel Joop Warouw, Indonesia's military attaché in Peking, and Lieut. Colonel Ventje Sumual, commander of the rebellious Northern Celebes area. Warouw sought out Sukarno in Japan's state guest house. Warouw's account of the interview (as relayed by Sumual): "I told him to get rid of the Reds or quit, himself. He reproached me for these words, and asked if I had forgotten our past comradeship. I reminded him I once saved his life in Surabaya during the war against the Dutch, but told him: 'You must make a decision one way or the other. This is the point of no return.' He begged me for more time; I told him if he refused our demands, it would be a war of brother against brother. Sukarno broke down and wept."

"Sukarno," added Sumual, "is very old, and is finished.* Actually, it was not for him either to agree or disagree. Warouw just told him what is going to happen anyway."

By week's end Sukarno had begun to wear a harried look, announced that he would leave for Djakarta earlier than he had expected—but only because his wife is expecting a baby. Then he went off to a luncheon party at the Indonesian consulate in Kobe, where he led his guests in singing a ballad called *When We Were Young and Gay*. His press officer explained: "It's his favorite song."

* Colonel Sumual is 35; President Sukarno 56.





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COSTA RICA

Victory for Private Enterprise

A conservative lawyer named Mario Echandi, 42, won the presidency of Costa Rica last week from the quarrelling heirs of left-of-center President José ("Don Pepe") Figueres. A tall, balding, eloquent man, who has promised to bring private capital back into such state-dominated fields as banking, power production and housing, Echandi triumphed in an election notably free of bloodshed or ballot juggling. His National Union Party, backed by two former Presidents, polled 103,326 votes, Figueres' chosen successor, Francisco Orlich, a former Public Works Minister, drew 97,102 votes, and Jorge Rossi, a maverick from the Figuerista ranks, got 23,307.

Descendant of an old Basque family, Echandi has served as Foreign Minister and Ambassador to the U.S., since 1953 has been an outspoken leader of the opposition in Congress. His fluent oratory and eccentric flair (he always dresses in a striking black suit, tie and hat, lunches at the Union Club but orders a favorite peasant dish of highly spiced rice and beans) gave him a needed advantage over Orlich, a dour, earnest candidate.

Businessmen were delighted with the victory for free enterprise. Taking defeat with his usual aplomb, Pepe declared: "I showed them how to run a country; now I'll show them how to oppose." First task for Oppositionist Figueres: patching up differences with maverick Rossi, who perhaps drained off enough votes to ensure Echandi's election. In the new Congress, Pepe will have 19 seats, to 19 for the two factions behind Echandi. Rossi, with five seats, holds the balance of power.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Guarding the Heir

The top floor of the nine-story Ambassador Hotel in Kansas City, Mo. is barred to casual visitors. When an elevator passes the floor below or there are footsteps on the stairs, lights flash, bells ring and a guard springs alert in a room lined with pistols, riot guns and tear-gas bombs. Once divided into six apartments, the entire floor has been remodeled into a top-security weekend retreat. Its tenant: Lieut. General Rafael ("Ramfis") Trujillo Jr., 28, the nonflying (by father's orders) chief of the Dominican air force.

Safe & Comfortable. After his usual two-day sojourn at the Ambassador last week, Ramfis climbed into a dark green Cadillac and rolled northwest along State Highway 45 to Fort Leavenworth, Kans. His driver stuck to a prescribed route, minding strict instructions to "watch the high bluffs [where a sniper might lurk] and proceed swiftly." Through the day Ramfis sat attentively with his 620 classmates at the U.S. Army's Command and General Staff College.

For weekday leisure he has rented a \$450-a-month ranch house in the city of Leavenworth. The garage doors open automatically, and Ramfis disappears after classes behind shades that are always drawn. Outside, a six-man crew of private detectives watches the house and patrols nearby streets. Back home in Ciudad Trujillo, Dictator Rafael Trujillo Sr., last of Latin America's undisputed strongmen, could be reasonably certain that his heir was both safe and comfortable.

Boss of this efficient and expensive security apparatus is Walter Bradford, 57, a onetime U.S. Justice Department agent



Gray Villet—Life
GENERAL TRUJILLO & CLASSMATES
All the comforts of home.

turned private eye. Hired by the Dominican embassy in Washington last fall, Bradford put 30 detectives to work when Ramfis arrived for school. Most of the agents are off-duty policemen or sheriff's deputies, who can spot a suspicious stranger instantly. To buttress their memories, the detectives use tiny cameras to snap hundreds of pictures of passers-by for comparison at Bradford's frequent briefings. The fleet of patrol cars is linked by short-wave radio to the Ambassador headquarters and to local police networks. Ramfis is accompanied constantly by two Dominican officers, and all three are armed; even the houseboy in Leavenworth packs a .32 pistol. There has been one big scare so far: a man waiting outside the hotel with a shotgun (he was carefully watched, turned out to be a hunter).

Money to Burn. The close-knit, tight-budgeted Army society of Fort Leavenworth is irritated that Ramfis "doesn't mingle" and "has money to burn." Upon

arrival in Kansas City, he opened bank accounts totaling \$1,000,000. When he wants leave from school, the Dominican embassy in Washington arranges it; e.g., this weekend he headed south for a few days at New Orleans. Next week he is throwing a big party at Kansas City's Muehlebach Hotel, to which 200 of the area's best names have been invited. His classmates, many of them combat veterans, are given to wisecracks about the security net and Ramfis' exalted rank (even though he has temporarily downgraded himself to full colonel while at the staff college). Ramfis' Leavenworth neighbors, a quiet, upper-middle-class group, are jittery over the constant patrolling. "They even flash spotlights into my date's car," lamented a 17-year-old. "I've been embarrassed to death night after night. Is that any way to act?"

By contrast, Ramfis' younger brother, Rhadamés, 15, is well liked at Kemper Military School in Boonville, Mo., 100 miles east of Kansas City. When he overstayed leave to attend sister Angelita's wedding (TIME, Jan. 20), he walked off his twelve demerits in the yard, like any other cadet. Bradford's agents also patrol outside the school, but are not allowed on the grounds. Rhadamés' official allowance, possibly augmented by money from home, is the standard \$3 a week.

CUBA

Peace & War

Having failed to crush Rebel Fidel Castro in the hills, President Fulgencio Batista turned to politics to break the stalemate. Last week his Progressive Action Party designated a candidate for the June 1 elections; barring a Castro military victory or some other upset, Batista's man is virtually certain of election.

He is Prime Minister Andrés Rivero Agüero, an old pal of the boss but also a shrewd politico with ideas of his own. A onetime playboy who became a topflight lawyer, Rivero professes strong loyalty to Batista but obviously plans to campaign as a Great Compromiser, appealing to the majority that is fed up with both sides. Said he: "If I am elected President I will immediately ask Congress for a general political amnesty." He made it clear that this would apply to Castro. The rebels' reply was a renewed pledge to boycott the elections—and renewed violence. They set bombs popping from Havana to Santiago, 500 miles away, fired buses, killed two policemen, sent mysterious light planes over cane fields, dropping thousands of incendiary tubes that burned upwards of 125 million lbs. of sugar cane.

So far, Rivero's calming words were showing little effect; in the long run they might prove to be potent arguments. While most Cubans opposed Batista, many of them were also tiring of Castro's bootless, unremitting violence.

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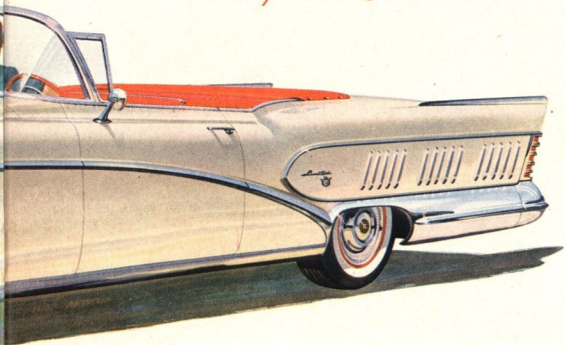
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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Mystery Spinner **Erla Stanley** (*The Case of the Glamorous Ghost*) **Gardner**, 68, customarily dictates his thrillers at a rate of up to 10,000 words a day, often working on as many as seven at the same time. Last December the *Atlanta Journal and Constitution*, reviewing two of them, hinted that such mass production could come only from a factory, implied that A. A. Fair, Gardner's best-known pseudonym, was a real, live ghost. After Gardner's indignant publishers, William Morrow & Co., all but put Lawyer Perry Mason on the case, the newspaper this week politely allowed that it had erred. Just to make sure that its author will not be thus dematerialized again, Morrow has posted a \$100,000 reward to anyone proving that Gardner's output is not all his own. Said Morrow's President Thayer Hobson: "It would be worth \$100,000 and a lot more just to find someone who can write like Gardner."

Pakistan raised diplomatic eyebrows by putting its money on horsey Playboy **Aly Khan** as its permanent delegate to the United Nations. Aly's appointment struck some as a consolation prize for his failure to succeed his father as the top (Aga) Khan. A citizen of Iran, he promised to take an "active interest" in his new job.

One of the prettiest campaigners in British politics, twinkle-toed Cinemasoul **Moira** (*The Red Shoes*) **Shearer**, made her maiden speech in Rochdale, England, was rewarded with such hearty applause that she predicted: "I'll be Prime Minister

yet!" But Ballerina Shearer plugged for votes "as the candidate's wife and not as a political speaker." Her candidate: Writer and onetime TV Newscaster Ludovic Kennedy, standing for Parliament on the Liberal ticket.

In Philadelphia, not far from the scene of their first battle for the heavyweight boxing crown in 1926, Manassa Mauler **Jack Dempsey**, 62, and Gentleman **Gene Tunney**, 60, met again, looking remarkably well-preserved—and strikingly alike. They received plaques from the Brith Sholom lodge for "their notable achievements and outstanding contributions in the sports world and for devoted service to American youth." Pingponging compliments with the man who beat him twice in the ring, well-heeled Manhattan Restaurateur Dempsey turned to Millionaire



OLD FOES **DEMPSEY & TUNNEY**
To the last dollar.

Connecticut Businessman Tunney and said: "I'm happy to share this award with Gene—and I'd be just as happy, if need be, to share my last dollar with him."

New York *Daily News* Capital Columnist Gwen Gibson reconnoitered the Washington front, reported a withdrawal in many quarters. The foremost reducers: Vice President **Richard M. Nixon**, 164 lbs. (down 20 lbs. in a year); Attorney General **William P. Rogers**, 170 lbs. (lost ten); New York's Republican Representative **Kenneth B. Keating**, 155 lbs. (down ten). Champion slenderizer: Oregon's Democratic Senator **Richard L. Neuberger**, now a skinny (for his six feet) 163 lbs.—30 lbs. less than he weighed about four months ago.

In keeping with old-line Hollywood etiquette, Gossipist Louella O. Parsons announced formally that the mayor of Palm Desert, Calif. (pop. 3,000), Old Groaner **Bing Crosby**, 53, and his bride of almost four months, Cinematress **Kathy** (*Operation Mad Ball*) **Grant Crosby**, 24, are



Associated Press
STUDENT CROSBY
Until the first wail.

expecting a little wailer in August. Flashed Lolly: "Kathy said that either a girl or a boy would be welcome." The rest of the press caught up with Kathy herself as she filled out an enrollment card at Los Angeles City College, where she will bone up on psychology and sociology while waiting for motherhood.

In San Francisco, Baritone **Paul Robeson**, 50, the best voice in the U.S. Communist chorus, was about to give his first full-scale U.S. auditorium concert in five years when the *Chronicle* quoted him as lamenting: "I am sorry now that I quit the concert stage because of politics. I see now that I should have gone on with my work." To some, these words sounded like a contrite solo, but Robeson himself soon drowned them out with the bizarre protest that the capitalist press was maligning him as a non-Communist. Rumbled Robeson: "These nice people are trying to make me as they want me—to save me from my better self. I have not changed my views in the slightest about anything!" His afterthought: "I must make a speech after I sing."

From Lincoln Isham, a Vermont-based great-grandson of **Abraham Lincoln**, the Library of Congress got an old family Bible and three Lincoln manuscripts. Among them: a draft of a letter from Lincoln to an Illinois friend concerning the merits of re-electing a Congressman, Richard Yates, later governor of Illinois. The malicious word had spread that Yates had the same weakness that was to create complaints about General Ulysses S. Grant. Wrote Honest Abe, in endorsing Yates: "Other things being equal, I would much prefer a temperate man to an intemperate one. Still, I do not make my vote depend absolutely upon the question of whether a candidate does or does not taste liquor."



United Press
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For the best man.

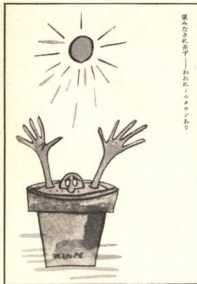
MEDICINE

Honorable Tranki

The Japanese are a highly emotional people, they love to take pills, and they like to imitate Western customs. These factors create a rich market for tranquilizers. Last week Tokyo's Welfare Ministry reported that in 1957 the Japanese went wild for "tranki," poured out yen to the tune of \$3.5 million for meproamate alone. They were buying tranki without prescription at any handy drugstore, and swallowing them under the nerve-racking prodding of a hypertonic advertising campaign.

The tranki rage struck Japan with typhoon force in the fall of 1956, when the U.S.'s Lederle Laboratories joined Takeda Pharmaceutical in a fifty-fifty deal to set up Lederle Ltd. as an outlet for meproamate (best known in the U.S. by its original brand name, Miltown). But no patent claim had been filed, and the vacuum was quickly filled by Japan's highly competitive drugmakers—concentrated on a narrow street called Doshomachi in Osaka, around a shrine of Yakushin (an ancient god of drugs). By December, Daiichi Seiyaku was on the market with its own brand of meproamate, called Atraxin. Lederle Ltd. put out Miltown, Takeda competed with its own corporate offshoot by pushing Harmonin.

Daiichi Seiyaku (meaning No. 1 drug company) ran half-page ads showing men and women with agonized faces, clutching swollen heads and moaning for Atraxin. Daiichi and competitors put up billboards at Tokyo's busiest intersections, where stalled motorists and scared-running pedestrians were urged to help themselves to "cope" by taking a pill. There was even a suggestion (eventually dropped) that similar ads be placed at railroad crossings,



JAPANESE TRANQUILIZER AD
"There's still hope with Miltown."



National Museum, Naples

BRUEGEL'S "PARABLE OF THE BLIND"

There are stones to be turned in obscure quarries.

bridges and volcano craters, the meccas of the suicide-minded. (Several attempts to commit suicide with overdoses of tranquilizers have failed.) Tranki pills have proved especially popular with students cramming to pass the tough exams for government jobs.

There are already 15 brand names under which meproamate is being sold, with applications pending for 65 more. Atraxin leads the field with 1957 sales of \$1,250,000; next comes Harmonin, then Equanil; the old original Miltown is fourth. It is priced at ten tablets for 83¢; most home-grown Japanese brands are twelve tablets for 56¢, but they are only half as potent. Osaka manufacturers have tried to convince consumers that "because Japanese are smaller and weigh less than Westerners, they need only a half-size tranki." Then, working both sides of the street, they blandly urge buyers to take two tablets, three or four times a day. Some go so far as to say, "Take as many as you want, any time you have worries."

Bruegel & Diagnosis

Writers of doctoral dissertations rank sack mightily obscure quarries for old stones to be turned. New-fledged Paris Pathologist Tony-Michel Torrilhon, who did his stone-turning in Europe's art libraries, last week turned in a thesis on the maimed, ailing creatures of the great, earthy 16th century painter, Pieter Bruegel the Elder. Torrilhon's hypothesis: in painting after painting, Bruegel reproduced the maladies of his Low Country peasants with a diagnostician's keen eye.

Some U.S. physicians have already disagreed with Torrilhon's diagnoses, but he has cited enough evidence to make his case fascinatingly arguable (and to nail his M.D. from the University of Paris). In *The Fight Between Carnival and Lent*, Torrilhon spies out a small, red-coated figure lacking both feet and half an arm, lying on its back. His diagnosis: amputations following "a typical case of Buerger's disease, i.e., gangrene caused by thromboangiitis obliterans" (an inflammatory disease affecting blood vessels). In

the same picture another male figure drags wasted legs behind him as he creeps along on both hands. Writes Torrilhon: either syphilitic tabes or poliomyelitis.

As Torrilhon interprets it, Bruegel's *Mad Meg*, in which a gaunt witch of a woman, clutching a variety of household objects, strides wildly under a flaming sky amid a hell's choir of monsters, is a painted description of "chronic hallucinatory psychosis due to menopause . . . The painting is full of obscene little monsters, and Meg seems obsessed by genital hallucinations. Two other symptoms are her careless and bizarre dress and her mania for collecting things. It is well known that old women suffering from this type of psychosis have a mania for carrying all their belongings."

Perhaps reading too far, Torrilhon detects myxedema (underactive thyroid) in the swollen eyelids, sparse lashes, dry hair and "shivering, apathetic aspect" of the bride in the renowned canvas, *The Peasant Wedding*. (Critic Gilbert Highet saw the bride as "a healthy, blowsy heifer," whose smirk and downcast eyes hide unseemly thoughts: "I'm glad I'm getting married. I don't much like my husband, but he is rich.") In the five sightless beggars stumbling into a ditch in the famous *Parable of the Blind*, Torrilhon sees a whole ophthalmological catalogue. From left to right, he diagnoses pronounced pemphigus (a skin disease) localized around the eyes, which has caused opaque corneas; some form of blindness in which bright light is painful (the figure's hat is pulled down over his eyes); atrophy of the eyeballs, probably caused by glaucoma or panophthalmia; corneal leukoma (corneas thickened from an ulcer, wound or inflammation); and enucleation (surgical removal of eyes).

Gains in Grafts

Skin grafts or organs transplanted from one human being to another will not "take" permanently unless donor and recipient are identical twins. Reason: any healthy mammal sets up antibody defenses against "foreign" protein. For

treating burns and in plastic and reconstructive work, surgeons would be able to do much more for patients if they could break down this automatic defense system. Last week, from a Manhattan conference sponsored by the New York Academy of Sciences, came word of the most promising breakthrough yet on the antibody front.

The Sloan-Kettering Institute's Dr. Helene W. Toolan reported the first success with rats and rabbits. She took skin from embryos in the first third of gestation, found that it made a permanent graft on 45% of unrelated adults, grew a good crop of hair. Memorial Hospital's Plastic Surgeon Reuven K. Snyderman applied the technique to cancer patients and burn victims. From human embryos lost (from spontaneous or therapeutic abortion) during the first 4½ months of pregnancy he took skin grafts for eight patients. Four failed to take, probably because of infection, Dr. Snyderman suggested. The other four took. Most remarkable was the fact that a postage-stamp-size piece of fetal skin grew and eventually covered a much larger area on a burn victim's body. Two patients have maintained the grafts for nearly a year, whereas adult skin would have sloughed off in less than a month.

Farewell to Plague?

Other diseases may have taken a greater toll of human life, but none has spread more terror than the Black Death. In the 14th century, plague reached from Asia through Asia Minor to Europe, where it killed 25 million people (one in four by conservative estimate, perhaps one in three). Three centuries later the rat-borne scourge devastated London, killing 70,000—one-sixth of the population. Then it lay relatively dormant, taking a regular annual toll in parts of Asia where it was endemic. In 1896 it burst out of South China, through the port of Hong Kong. From there tramp steamers carried it around the world, causing at least 10 million deaths in a decade, 6,000,000 of them in India. Ever since, plague has simmered in a dozen infected areas, has caused several thousand deaths in most years. Last week the World Health Organization announced in Geneva that in 1957 only 514 deaths due to plague were reported in the free world and only 44 of them in India. At long last, it looked as though the Black Death was licked.

Plague is caused by a bacillus, *Pasteurella pestis*, whose natural habitat is the rat. Fleas carry it from rats to humans. The disease, called bubonic when it affects the lymph nodes, pneumonic when it attacks the lungs, used to be 90% fatal; nowadays antibiotics and sulfa drugs can defeat it in 90% of cases, and widespread warfare against rats and fleas in underprivileged areas helps prevent outbreaks.

In 1957 Burma had the worst record with 198 cases; in the New World, Ecuador led with 72. In the U.S., where the bacillus has found a reservoir in wild rodents (TIME, July 9, 1956), there was one probable but unconfirmed case in Texas.



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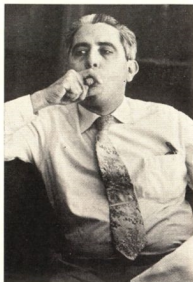
THE PRESS

Dangerous Liberty

Leaping lustily to life after nearly a decade of censorship and browbeating, Venezuela's newspapers have more than doubled circulation since the fall of Dictator Pérez Jiménez (TIME, Feb. 3). In their hunger for honest news, Venezuelans are even snapping up women's magazines and sporting sheets, also long-censored. Conspicuously absent from Caracas' newsstands: *El Heraldo*, a monopoly evening paper that was manipulated as a government mouthpiece by Minister of the Interior Vallenilla Lanz. Its plant was sacked at the height of the revolution, and in its place, only nine days after the revolution, Caraqueños last week got a new evening paper called *El Mundo*. Its fighting slogan: "I prefer dangerous liberty to peaceful slavery."

El Mundo's maxim is more than Monday-morning bravado. The new daily was propelled into orbit by slender, bushy-haired Miguel Angel Capriles, 42, Venezuela's biggest publisher, whose morning papers, *La Esfera* (The Sphere) and tabloid *Ultimas Noticias* (Latest News), earned a hazardous reputation as two of the few sheets that proved most staunch in defiance of Pérez Jiménez. (The only daily that outdid Capriles' papers was Roman Catholic *La Religión*, which refused to run a single line on the dictator's "me-or-nobody" election victory.) Publisher Capriles got so deft at smuggling innuendoes past the censor that Security Police Boss Pedro Estrada once bawled at him: "We are going to blow up your building!"

While many Caracas publishers went along with the dictatorship, Capriles stretched his dangerous liberty to the point of mimeographing wire stories crit-



PUBLISHER CAPRILES
For a special kind of hunger.

ical of the government and passing them to restive army officers. On New Year's Day, after the abortive air-force revolt at Maracay, submachine-gun-toting security police bundled Capriles off to jail, where he was later joined by his brother, Marco, *Ultimas Noticias'* circulation manager. Carlos, a third brother, fled to Colombia, while five top Capriles editors went into hiding or exile. By last week all were back at work in Caracas.

Whipping into a 14-hours-a-day routine at the *Ultimas Noticias* building, Publisher Capriles celebrated Venezuela's freedom with a flurry of now-it-can-be-told

newspaper stories. At the same time, Miguel Capriles and most other publishers realize that they can best shore up a shaky democracy by avoiding excess in their new freedom. Wryly, Capriles admits: "For the time being we are exercising a sort of self-censorship."

Culture Is Their Business

"Our field is 'the arts'—not just the traditional seven, but the entire span of mankind's creative talents." So rings the challenging prospectus of *Horizon*,* a proposed U.S. magazine that every other month "will be edited for intelligent, college-educated people . . . not the all-day watcher of television, or those whose aspirations begin, or end, with the solid gold Cadillac."

Last week 100,000 American families reading through these ego-pumping lines of *Horizon's* advance mailer came across a cunning warning: "Such a cultural package will not lead to material profit." Perhaps not for the subscriber. But making a profit out of culture is the special business of the American Heritage Publishing Co., *Horizon's* publishers-to-be. Despite its ban on advertising, the company has made a financial success out of its *American Heritage*, a book-size, hard-cover bimonthly that treats of specialized aspects of American history at the highly specialized price of \$2.95 a copy.

Help from the Pros. "What we've done is to apply pictorial journalism techniques to history," explains Editorial Director Joseph J. Thorndike Jr., 44, onetime (1946-49) managing editor of LIFE. So well have these techniques backed up fact-solid, colorful writing that the small company is fast becoming biggish business. This week the editors prepared three new projects: *Horizon* (planned for September at \$18 a year); a compendium of the first six issues of *American Heritage*, to meet the constant demand for back copies (price: \$15); and *The American Heritage Book of the Revolution* (price: \$12.50), due this summer. In addition, last fall's *American Heritage Book of Great Historic Places* (\$12.50), the company's first book, so far has sold 193,000 copies and is still going strong.

Heritage had its start in 1954. The American Association for State and Local History was looking for help for its modest, nonprofit quarterly called *American Heritage*. The Society of American Historians wanted to put out a magazine of history. Help and know-how came from a magazine-consultant firm run by Thorndike and two other old associates: wiry, pugnacious James Parton, 45 (onetime business editor of TIME), and Oliver Jensen (onetime text editor of LIFE).

The two history societies are sponsors of *American Heritage*, own stock in the magazine, but do not tamper with the content. The team of Thorndike, Parton and Jensen controls the company through their stockholdings. In all, it took just \$64,929.60 to get into business. Publisher

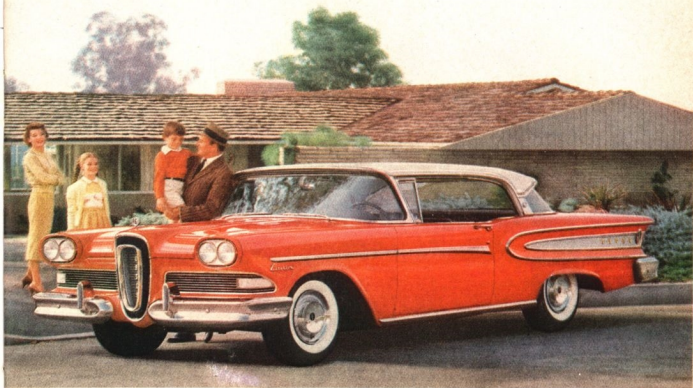


"HERITAGE's" JENSEN, PARTON, CATTON, THORNDIKE
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Ben Martin

* No kin to Cyril Connolly's British *Horizon*, which died in 1949.

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Above: Edsel Citation 2-door Hardtop. Engine: the E-475, with 10.5 to one compression ratio, 315 hp, 475 ft.-lb. torque. Transmission: Automatic with Teletouch Drive. Suspension: Ball-joint with optional air suspension. Brakes: self-adjusting.

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Parton, the driving force behind the deal, was the largest investor, with \$8,000. From the start, the editors decided to make pictures as important as text. (Current issues carry color cuts on about 30 of their 112 pages, at a cost of some \$20,000 an issue for engraving alone.) The team put *American Heritage* between hard covers, made it a bimonthly, brought in Newsman-Historian Bruce Catton, 58, as editor, and took aim at "anyone who has an interest in American history." The target turned out to be bigger and more responsive than they had dared hope. When the first issue appeared in December 1954, all 80,000 copies were whisked away overnight. Today's circulation: 300,000.

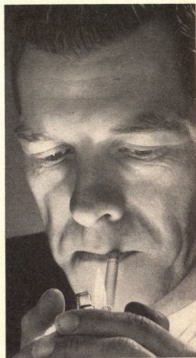
Pressurized Professor. Although he is banging away at half a dozen outside projects, Pulitzer Prizewinning Civil War Historian Catton (*A Stillness at Appomattox*) is no figurehead editor. Catton and Managing Editor Jensen have gradually won over skeptical professional historians, now have no trouble getting the experts to relax and write articles. One pro who turned out to be a high-speed journalist: Columbia's scholarly Allan Nevins, the magazine's chief adviser, who once rattled out 5,000 words in 24 hours to beat a deadline. Some recent samples of *Heritage* articles: an interview with the Sioux warrior who shot General Custer; an eyewitness report of the Civil War naval battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*; an account of Karl Marx's writing stint for Horace Greeley's *New York Tribune* (TIME, April 15).

Such crisply written stories have earned *American Heritage* a devoted following. Three-quarters of the magazine's charter members are still on the list, and 98% of the subscribers are saving every copy. From one exuberant female reader came the supreme compliment: "I am a great passer-arounder of magazines, but I'd just as soon pass around my husband as my copies of *American Heritage*."

Land of Bylined Waters

Minnesotans, long inured to outlandish place names, got six more this week when Governor Orville L. (for Lothrop) Freeman conferred the names of famed Minnesota-born (or claimed) newsmen upon previously unchristened lakes. Picked for immortality among the state's 10,000 or more lakes: the *New York Times*' Pulitzer Prizewinning Harrison E. (for Evans) Salisbury; *Look*'s Editorial Director Daniel D. (for Danforth) Mich; Humorist (*Rally Round the Flag, Boys!*) Max Shulman; Sig Mickelson, CBS's vice president in charge of news; *Reader's Digest* Editor (and founder) DeWitt Wallace; and CBS's chief Washington correspondent, North Dakota-born A. (for Arnold) Eric Sevareid, onetime reporter for the *Minneapolis Journal* and *Minneapolis Star*. The newsman-named lakes will keep cartographic company with such sky-blue waters as Winnibigoshish (meaning "miserable, wretched, dirty water"), Ge-Be-On-P-Que, and the lake named in 1956 for R. Neison Wishbone Harris, the Minnesota-born founder of Toni Co.

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- Loudspeaking ("no-hands") phones
- Color telephones
- The "Walking Handset" (eliminating off-hook service breaks)
- Automatic teletypewriter switching
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- Electronic Secretary (automatic telephone answering service)
- Electronic Sentry (automatic telephonic warning service)



RELIGION

Opportunity for Spinsters?

Britain's most outspoken Methodist leader, Donald Soper, never a man to put aside the burning word, last week hotted up his country's current hassle over artificial insemination (TIME, Jan. 27). The Archbishop of Canterbury had condemned the use of extramarital donors as a sin; not necessarily so, said Nonconformist Soper. "It's no good the church wanting to make it a sin or a crime; it is another piece of mechanism science has put in our hands to use wisely. I do not consider it sinful to give certain spinsters . . . artificial insemination so that they do not lose the opportunity of motherhood."

Applause for Dr. Soper came from the chairman of the Equal Rights for Women Association and the secretary of the International Committee of Mothers, but Mrs. Juanita Frances, chairman of the Married Women's Association, was "quite shocked." Children, she maintained, should have fathers to help bring them up.

Veteran Soapboxer Soper made his rebuttal on TV. "I agree that the ideal condition is that a child should be born in wedlock, but wedlock is itself an omnibus word which covers a multitude of relationships that have very little love in them. Many people don't know the love of a father now. I would rather . . . that a little child knew the fervent love of a mother. [Is it] a better thing to impose loneliness and frustration on women who haven't the decorative values to attract a male, and therefore can't get married and have children?"

Pike's Peak

Dean James A. Pike is like a spike—tough and sharp. Combined with tireless energy, Dean Pike's spikiness has made him, in barely twelve years of Episcopal ministry, one of the most widely heard Protestant voices in the U.S. Last week it made him a bishop-elect.

In the dim, Gothic gloom of San Francisco's Grace Cathedral house on Nob Hill, 115 clerical and 385 lay delegates elected him Bishop Coadjutor of the Diocese of California—slated to succeed Diocesan Bishop Karl Morgan Block when he retires next December. It took six ballots to do it. In Pike's favor were his age (44), moderate Low-Churchmanship and vigorous stand-taking as dean of New York City's Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Against him were his ex-Roman Catholicism, the annulment of his first marriage and the same vigorous stand-taking.

Bath Water & Baby. Oklahoma-born, Los Angeles-reared James Albert Pike was always one to stick his neck out. So uncompromising was his Catholicism that he turned down a scholarship to Harvard to go to a Catholic college—California's Jesuit University of Santa Clara. But after two years there, his faith in the Church of Rome was gone, and with it his faith in Christianity ("I threw out the baby with the bath water," he says). He switched to

the University of Southern California, followed it up with Yale Law School ('38).

In 1938 he was married (in an Episcopal church, though still an agnostic); the marriage lasted two years and was ecclesiastically annulled by the then bishop of Los Angeles. At 25 Lawyer Pike became one of the youngest men ever admitted to the bar of the U.S. Supreme Court. In Washington he was an attorney for the Securities & Exchange Commission, later for the U.S. Maritime Commission and the War Shipping Administration. He also taught law at George Washington University. One of his students was pretty Esther Yanovsky, who, says Pike, "got an A and



BISHOP-ELECT PIKE & WIFE
First the Giants, now him.

the professor." They were married in 1942—both such staunch agnostics that they wrote their own wedding ceremony, omitting any reference to God.

But by 1943 the Pikes had joined the Episcopal Church, had themselves remarried at a service attended by their first child (there are now four), who was ensconced in a baby carriage in the center aisle. A few months later Pike began studying for the ministry; he was ordained the next year.

No White Divinity. For two years he was rector of Christ Church in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Then Pike went back to teaching—as chaplain and head of the department of religion at Columbia University. Out of his typewriter began to stream a series of religious books (eight so far), including *Beyond Anxiety*, *If You Marry Outside Your Faith*, *The Next Day*. Out of his mouth came the kind of trenchant talk that was rare in Episcopal pulpits. In 1952 New York's Bishop Horace W. B. Donagan appointed him dean of St. John's—the largest Anglican cathedral in the world.

Pike had been dean barely a year when he declined an honorary degree and withdrew as baccalaureate speaker at the Episcopal Church's University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn. because Sewanee refused to admit Negroes. "I could not in conscience," he said, "accept a doctorate in white divinity." Said Pike of the late Senator McCarthy's methods: "Communism is an evil, and evil cannot be defeated by evil—we cannot drive out demons by Beelzebub." When New York's Cardinal Spellman mounted the pulpit of St. Patrick's Cathedral to warn Catholics not to see the movie *Baby Doll*, Dean Pike defended the film as not pornographic ("How the viewer receives the experience depends upon his intent"). The dean has conquered television as well as the headlines; some 60 stations show his program, *Dean Pike*.

San Francisco seemed delighted last week at getting one of the country's top clergymen. Said one Episcopalian: "First the Giants and now Pike—what more can we ask?" And Columnist Herb Caen of the *San Francisco Chronicle* noted: "Yes, yes, all you phoner-inners, we agree that Nob Hill should be called Pike's Peak, now that the Very Rev. James Pike will preside in Grace Cathedral."

Private v. Third Eye

"He pressed the instrument to the center of my forehead and rotated the handle . . . There was no particular pain as it penetrated the skin and flesh, but there was a little jolt as the end hit the bone . . . Suddenly there was a little 'scrunch' and the instrument penetrated the bone . . . there was a blinding flash . . . The Lama Mingyar Dondup turned to me and said: 'You are now one of us, Lobsang. For the rest of your life you will see people as they are and not as they pretend to be.' It was a very strange experience . . ."

Thus a mysterious Tibetan calling himself T. (for Tuesday) Lobsang Rampa described the operation that at the age of eight opened his "third eye," giving him, in addition to clairvoyant and telepathic powers, the ability to diagnose a person's state of health and humor from his "aura" (a cleaning man in a temper looked like "a figure smothered in blue smoke, shot through with flecks of angry red"). This was a mere overture to a long vaudeville show of astonishment presented in Rampa's account of his Tibetan life, *The Third Eye* (Doubleday; \$3.50). Other attractions included levitation, riding in kites ("horrible swaysings and bobbings did unpleasant things to my stomach"), man-mauling Siamese cats, Abominable Snowmen, and a visit to the mummified remains of one of his own previous incarnations.

Rampa claimed to have been a confidant and adviser to the Dalai Lama, to have served as a medical officer in the Chinese army during World War II, to have done time in Japanese and Russian concentration camps and to have visited the U.S. "We Tibetans," wrote Rampa, "believe that everyone before the Fall of Man had the ability to travel in the astral,



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see by clairvoyance, telepathize and levitate." Levitation "takes much practice," but astral traveling "can be accomplished by almost anyone."

Who's Suo. Since first publication in England 18 months ago, *The Third Eye* has sold close to 300,000 copies, 12,000 of them in the U.S. From all over the world fan mail poured in to Tuesday Lobsang Rampa. Fans wanted to come in person, but the mysterious Tibetan might have been in a state of permanent astral projection for all they could find of him. Only a few insiders knew—or thought they knew—that Rampa was really Dr. Kuan Suo, an egg-bald, bearded sage liv-

ing neither Rampa nor Kuan Suo but plain Cyril Henry Hoskin, and he is the son of a Devon plumber.

Ghost's Ghost. Hoskin had "gone Eastern" while working for a career-counseling firm in London. He shaved his head, grew a beard, changed his name and wrote a rhyme to his managing director: "You may wonder why I go on so/But will you please remember I am Kuan Suo." When he was sacked some time later, he took to "spivving it" and writing occasional magazine articles. To Literary Agent Cyrus Brooks he brought a manuscript on corsets and such a high, wide and fancy load of Himalayan snow that



CYRIL HENRY HOSKIN WITH WIFE (RIGHT) & DISCIPLE
But where is the hole in his forehead?

ing quietly with his English wife outside Dublin. One of these insiders, pretty Mrs. John Rouse, wife of a London businessman, lives with the Kuans, serves as Dr. Kuan's secretary.

Not all *Third Eye* readers were fans. Among the dissidents were British Author Marco Pallis, whose *Peaks and Lamas* was a bestselling account of his Tibetan mountain climbing in the 1930s, and Diplomat Hugh Richardson, who had served as chief of the British mission in Lhasa for eight years before and after World War II. They compiled lists of Rampa inaccuracies, e.g., mention of gold candlesticks, unknown in Tibet; description of Rampa's mother wearing a single earring, a privilege restricted to male officials of a certain rank. Joining forces with Austrian Author Heinrich Harrer (*Seven Years in Tibet*), Pallis and Richardson decided to go to work on three-eyed Rampa with a private eye of their own.

In four weeks and 3,000 miles of traveling, Detective Clifford Burgess and his pretty girl assistant turned up enough to make Tuesday Lobsang long for a lamazey. For, announced Burgess, his name

Brooks suggested he forget corsets and set to work on *The Third Eye* instead.

As a result, Hoskin, 47, was nearly \$50,000 richer last week as he lay ill in his Irish cottage. Outside, flocks of tourists, alerted by front-page treatment of the exposé in the British press, trampled the lawn. The embarrassed publishing firm of Secker & Warburg suspended plans for publication of Hoskin's next book, *Medical Lama*. Said a U.S. spokesman for Doubleday: "We expected that people would think it was good reading, but not necessarily true." "I am surprised," said Agent Brooks. "He possesses extraordinary powers of telepathy." Ailing Hoaxer Hoskin (he says he has both heart disease and cancer) insisted, in a tape recording made for a British commercial TV program, that his book was all true—he had merely ghosted it for a ghost.

"Some time ago," he said, "I had the strangest premonition, the strangest urges, and even against my will I was compelled to change my name . . . I had a slight accident, I had concussion. And my body was actually taken over by the spirit of an Easterner."



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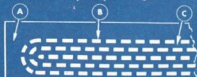
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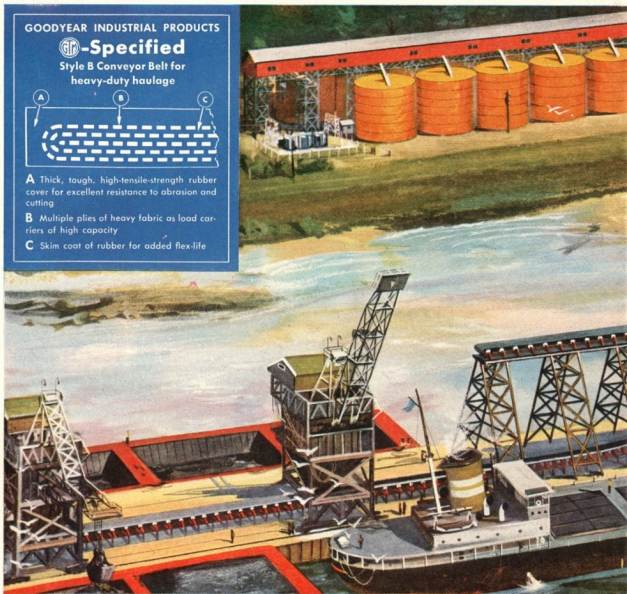
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HOW TO GIVE A RIVER'S

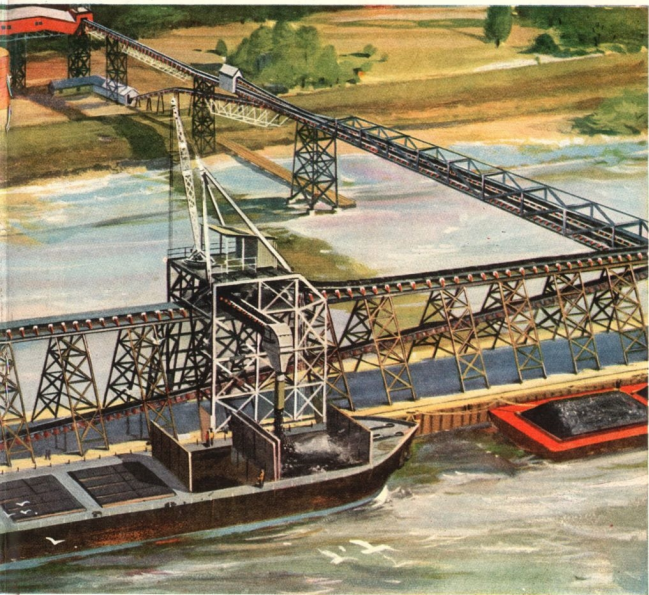
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SPORT

Hope for a Hero

For a few restless moments, the sweat-soaked athletes stopped their interminable calisthenics on the Madison Square Garden infield. Officials, wilting behind their boiled shirts, quit clicking stop watches and came to a semblance of attention. The American flag was hoisted, a weary baritone worked his way through the national anthem and the 51st annual Millrose Games, already two-thirds over, roared a welcome to the evening's last hope for a hero. Dublin-bred Ron Delany was stripping to his skivvies for a shot at his third Wanamaker Mile, and there was a slim chance that the slim Villanova senior would try to do more than just win: he might actually run for a record.

All evening other favorites had failed to oblige. Western Michigan's stocky little Sprinter Ira Murchison lurched off the starting blocks and was shut out of the finals of the 60-yd. dash before he found his balance. Duke's Dave Sime also finished out of the money, and the race went to a long shot, Army Lieut. Ken Kave. There was a second of excitement when spectators spotted a red-shirted stranger sailing over the pole-vault bar set at 15 ft. But before they could look up his name—Melvin Schwarz of the Baltimore Olympic Club—an announcer took the triumph away. Schwarz was only practicing. Perennial 15-footer Don Bragg, World Champion Bob Gutowski, Schwarz and Ohio's Jerry Welbourn all fouled out at 14 ft. 6 in.

Miller Delany was the only competitor left to satisfy the record-hungry crowd. And this time he tried. He settled into his snug, easygoing stride and watched Mary-

land's Burr Grim sprint ahead of him into a swift first quarter. Clearly, Grim was going to try to pace him past Gunnar Nielsen's indoor mark of 4:03.6. And Ron was willing. But he thought Grim was starting just a little too fast and he hung back, well off the pace. When Grim faded, Ron got up on his toes and ran for the record. But he was running all alone. There was no one left to push him to that necessary extra effort. He scored his 22nd consecutive indoor victory by 30 yds., and his time of 4:04.6 missed the world indoor mark by one second.

"When will you try for a record, Ron?" a friend had asked him before the race. "When the beer cans come sailing out of the Garden gallery," he answered. But he changed his mind, and the indoor track season took on some luster as Ron's all-out effort promised some great miles to come.

Balanced Blur

The toughest competitor in the world's ski championship at Bad Gastein, Austria last week was the steep ski track itself. It was an accomplishment for the racers who skidded into the giant slalom course across the face of Graukogel Mountain merely to finish without falling. French Ace Charles Bozon careened out of control, collided with a gate pole and soared into a spectacular 25-yd. somersault. He was taken to a Salzburg hospital with a dislocated neck. Colorado's surprising Bud Werner (TIME, Feb. 3) hit a bump and teetered wildly. By the time he regained his balance, he was slowed down to fifth, out of the running for the combined Alpine title (slalom, giant slalom and downhill).

But while other skiers sprayed themselves across the Graukogel, Austria's defending champion, Toni Sailer (TIME, Feb. 4, 1957), leaned into the zigzag, 58-gate course and picked up speed all the way to the finish. He was clocked in 1:48.8, which gave him an almost incredible lead of four seconds over his teammate, Josl Rieder. Just two days before, Rieder had edged ahead of Sailer in the slalom. But then, on a slick, icy track, little (132 lbs.) Josl had a large advantage over 173-lb. Toni. On the giant slalom, the onetime journeyman plumber who had almost beaten the Russians singlehanded at the Cortina Olympics, had every ounce working for him. His steel-spring frame was a well-balanced blur as he swept through gate after gate as economically as an All-American halfback loose in an open field.

After that, the downhill race at week's end was little more than a formality. But after Sailer skussed home first on the sloppy course and made his Alpine championship secure, Bud Werner turned the competition into an American catastrophe. Forgetting all his carefully acquired caution, Bud gambled on a long, time-gaining jump and lost. He landed all askew and cartwheeled down the slope for nearly 75 yards. He finished far back, balancing ignominiously on one ski. Tom Corcoran,



Heini Meyer

SKIER SAILER
Fifty-eight gates to victory.

U.S. No. 2 man, also took a tumble and finished on one ski. As he left the course, the flicker of red long Johns through his split ski pants signaled his team's final indignity.

When the women shooed off down the dangerous course, spectators found themselves cheering for still another invader who had learned to ski far from the Alps. Compact (5 ft. 4 in., 122 lbs.) Lucile Wheeler from St. Jovite, Que. tucked her blonde hair into a white crash helmet and rocketed through the 1½-mile downhill race in the record-breaking time of 2:12.1. Whipping up to almost 60 m.p.h. on a bumpy trail softened by rising temperatures, Skier Wheeler, 23, just managed to keep control as she shot through the final schuss. But she hung on to become the first Canadian ever to win a world ski championship. Two days later, the course still melting, Lucile raced through a spectacular giant slalom to win her second gold medal. Even though she had finished only 14th in the slalom, her fine performance moved her up to second in the combined Alpine competition, close behind Switzerland's Frieda Dänzer,

Moonlight Mischief

The icy bob run at Garmisch-Partenkirchen had been touched up with snow to slow the sleds down to almost sane speeds. But World Champion Bobsledder Eugenio Monti, 30, was in no mood for safety. Only the fact that he had drawn a late starting number for the two-man trials helped him hold on to his hair-trigger temper. Earlier sleds swept the run clean, and Eugenio and his brakeman Renzo Alvera slicked down the one-mile groove in the record-breaking time of 1:14.28.

His two-man title safe for another season, Eugenio was still not satisfied. Last week more snow was shoveled onto the bob run before the four-man sleds started



Associated Press

SPRINTER KAVE (SECOND FROM RIGHT)
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their breakneck slides, and Eugenio drew No. 1 starting position. This meant that there would be no front runners to pack the course. So Eugenio, a hotelkeeper's son from Dobbiaco in the Dolomites, decided on direct action. The night before the four-man competition started, he collected four shovels, rounded up his teammates and drove to the bob run.

Finding an empty car near the run, a night watchman called the cops, and after a long, moonlit search, the investigators found Monti and his men shoveling snow off the sled track as busily as neighbors clearing a driveway. Nonplused at having nabbed a world champion, the cops collected the shovels and made a report to the *Bob-Wart* (track steward). Next morning, with the backing of the Italian Bobsled Association, the steward and his Championship Jury disqualified Shoveler Monti's sled.

The snow was replaced, and two German sleds made slow, comfortable runs to finish in first and second place for the four-man title. Unchastened Eugenio Monti sneered at the four-run time total of 4:49.33 and announced: "All I wanted was a fast run." Then, as a Garmisch gamin pranced behind him in an elaborate pantomime of shoveling, he added: "This is the last time I will race here."

Scoreboard

¶ With Jockey Willie Hartack beating out his usual rib-rattling tattoo (*TIME*, Feb. 10), Calumet Farm's Iron Liege sprinted home by half a length at Florida's Hialeah to win the \$65,700 McLennan Handicap and Calumet stable's first major purse of the 1958 racing season.

¶ Cantankerous Outfielder Ted Williams needed just one hour of contract talk before signing up for his 20th season with the Boston Red Sox, and for good reason. His probable salary: \$135,000, the highest in baseball history. At 39, said Williams, "I don't feel any different from ten years ago. I'll play as long as I can."

¶ Riding powder-puff breezes. Racing Master Carleton Mitchell skipped his stubby, 39-ft. *Finisterre* with his familiar finesse, made the most of a long windward beat to win the 184-mile blue-water Miami-Nassau race for the second year in a row.

¶ After collecting a bet on the winning gelding Bali Ha'i at a race in Auckland, N.Z., Britain's touring Queen Mother Elizabeth got an even more pleasant surprise. When she presented a gold cup to Owner Sir Ernest Davis, Sir Ernest announced: "We have with us the greatest lady in the world. I want to present Bali Ha'i to her on behalf of the sporting public of New Zealand."

¶ Even on their home court, the Detroit Pistons had a hard time holding off the invading Syracuse Nationals, but they had a knobby-kneed, balding veteran named George Yardley, and he was more than enough. While the Pistons eked out the game, 118-113, Yardley pushed in 52 points to break this season's National Basketball Association record that he used to share with St. Louis Hawk Bob Pettit.

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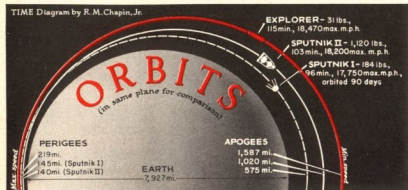
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SCIENCE

Talkative Satellite

As they circle the earth, crossing each other's orbits every 50 minutes or so, the U.S. satellite Explorer and the Soviet Sputnik II stay true to their national characters. Sputnik II is silent now, but

factor observed by the Explorer, is harder to interpret. Apparently the average increase above the intensity at the surface of the earth—twelve times—is about what was expected. More interesting are hints that cosmic rays in space may fluctuate considerably with time, and vary from



even before its radio went dead its instruments talked in a secret code, and last week the Russians were still taciturn about its coded reports on conditions in space.⁶ But the Explorer, a talkative American working in a published code, was droning away in the clear to all who would listen.

Around the world, both hams and professional radio stations picked up the Explorer's signals, sometimes recorded them on magnetic tape. They poured reports from the satellite's instruments into IGY headquarters in Washington and other official centers, in an ever-increasing flood. Analysis of the reports is a long, painstaking business, but already some of the data have been made public. The Explorer's orbit has been pinpointed fairly accurately (see diagram). According to the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory at Cambridge, Mass., it crosses the equator at an angle of 33.5°, and takes 115 minutes to complete a circuit of the earth. The Smithsonian scientists do not think this figure will change appreciably for about seven years. Other early reports showed:

- ¶ Two of the fine wires in the Explorer's meteor-detecting grids have been broken, presumably by micrometeorites. The microphone inside the satellite also picked up the impact of an object against the satellite's skin.
- ¶ The temperature inside the Explorer has been fairly moderate in spite of the contrast between the heat of sunlight and the intense cold in the shadow of the earth. It has ranged from 50° to 85° F., about the spread of temperature of an average spring day in the Southwest.
- ¶ Cosmic ray intensity, the third space

place to place, Dr. James Van Allen of the University of Iowa says that a radio station in Tokyo that was picking up the satellite's signals last week noted a sudden increase in cosmic rays to as much as five times above normal. If this observation proves correct, it will be a landmark in cosmic ray study.

Homo ex Machina

Computing machines have grown so efficient that the worst drag on their performance is the fallible human brain. Last week Engineering Consultant Stuart Luman Seaton told a Manhattan convention of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers that computing machines probably make less than one mistake in transferring 10³⁸ (100 billion billion) digits. Humans make one mistake in transferring only 200 digits. So the machine's accurate figuring often goes for nothing because it must depend for care and feeding on error-prone humans.

One way to get more efficiency out of human custodians, says Seaton, is by "tricks and dodges" such as printing numbers large and small, or in varied colors and type sizes. Another would be to spot and correct "psychic blindness" (habits and prejudices) in humans who feed information to computing machines.

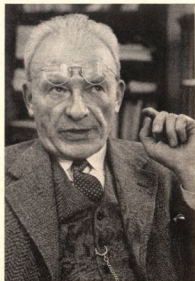
Seaton does not expect very much from such measures. Says he: "The presence of humans, in a system containing high-speed electronic computers and high-speed, accurate communications, is quite inhibiting. Every means possible should be employed to eliminate humans in the data-processing chain." But Engineer Seaton feels that humans, however fallible, still have their uses. "The human brain," he concedes, "is a most unusual instrument of elegant and as yet unknown capacity." He favors "reserving to humans the unusual problems of judgment, moral and philosophical balances."

Easier Moons

Plans for voyaging to the moon are a dime a dozen, but according to Astronomy Professor Jan Schilt of Columbia University, they are all aimed at the wrong moon. Last week he explained why man's first round trip to an extraterrestrial body may be to one of the moons of Mars.

The earth's moon is handy, only 238,857 miles away, but its considerable size (2,160 miles diameter) makes it a trap in space. Its gravitational pull is one-sixth as strong as the earth's, which means that unless a spaceship is braked in some way, it will hit the moon's surface at 5,000 m.p.h. Since the moon has no appreciable atmosphere that can be used for braking, the ship will have to cushion its fall by burning precious fuel in its rocket engine. To take off from the moon will cost fuel too, about one-sixth as much as was needed to escape from the earth. So an earth-to-moon spaceship will have to carry a very large payload of fuel if its crew hopes to get home again.

A voyage to the neighborhood of Mars, about 35 million miles away, will take only slightly more fuel than a near approach to the moon. In each case most of the fuel is expended while breaking away from the strong, close-in gravitational field of the earth. A landing on Mars and a take-off from the Martian surface would be extremely costly in fuel, but Dr. Schilt points out that landing on one of the small moons of Mars would cost practically nothing. The outer moon, Deimos, is about five miles in diameter, and has hardly any gravitation. The spaceship could drift toward it and, without expending fuel, come aboard as gently as a thistle-down. Then the crew would get a free ride around Mars, circling the planet every 30 hours and studying its surface from the fairly convenient distance of 12,500 miles. For a closer look they could



Astronomer Schilt
On a Martian merry-go-round.

* Under the rules of the International Geophysical Year, the Russians are supposed to make all the data public within eight months of receiving them. They still have six months' time for Sputnik I, and not even the obvious propaganda advantage has hurried them into publication.



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Here is the beginning of a new era in insect control. The development of THIMER—a new application of chemical science to agriculture—is typical of the contributions Cyanamid chemistry is making to progress in many fields.

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WELDWOOD BIRCH PANELING for walls and built-ins and Weldwood Chalkboard (right), Westover Elementary School, Stamford, Conn. Architect: William F. R. Ballard.

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WELDWOOD FIRE DOORS of African Mahogany in the Slosberg Music Center, Brandeis University, Waltham, Mass., stop transmission of suffocating heat as well as fire. Doors are guaranteed never to warp, twist, or get out of line, thanks to incombustible Weldkro® mineral core. Architects: Harrison & Abramovitz.

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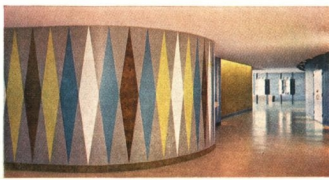
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shuttle to the inner moon, Phobos, which circles Mars only 3,700 miles away.

When it came time to return to earth, a 10-lb. push would separate a spaceship from its natural merry-go-round. Free of the little moon, it would have satellite velocity, 3,000 m.p.h. in the case of Deimos, so only a moderate additional push would free it from Martian gravitation and start it on the long voyage home.

Persistent Fallout

Into a Columbia University laboratory regularly stream shipments of one of science's grimmest raw materials for study: human bones. They come from the recently dead bodies of men, women and children all over the non-Communist world, including such outskirts as Chile, South Africa and Formosa. At Columbia's Lamont Geological Observatory, in a project financed by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, they go under the scrutiny of scientists who analyze the bones for strontium 90. Last week the project's three scientists, Drs. Walter R. Eckelmann, J. Laurence Kulp and Arthur R. Schuler, made their second annual report. The bones told a sobering story of increasing amounts of radioactive fallout from nuclear-weapons tests.

Strontium 90 is the most feared of all the fallout isotopes. It has a long half-life (28 years), and the human body tends to mistake it for calcium, which it resembles chemically, and to build it into bone. As it disintegrates over the years, it may cause cancer by the effect of its radiation on tender living cells.

Since their last year's report, said the scientists, the world-average content of strontium 90 in human bone has increased by about 30%. The increase in young children, whose bones are growing actively, was 50%. The highest values were found in North America, the lowest in the Southern Hemisphere.

Young children have, proportionately, ten times more strontium 90 in their bones than adults, but so far the average is only about 1/150 of the MPC (Maximum Permissible Concentration) that was recommended by the National Academy of Sciences. The amount will surely grow, say the scientists. Even if no more weapons are tested, there may be enough strontium 90 in "the stratospheric reservoir" to raise the strontium 90 in the bones of children in the Northeastern U.S. to as much as 4.3% of the MPC. If weapons testing continues at the same rate as the last few years, the average for the entire population of the Northeastern U.S. will gradually climb to about 20% of the MPC by the year 2000.

Not all people get the same amount. Some children had three times the average, and the variation in adults is seven times. Most of these figures are about city dwellers, and the scientists think that the variation in rural areas will be greater still. It is thus likely that if weapons tests continue, a good many unfortunates may come dangerously close to the Maximum Permissible Concentration—which many scientists believe has been set far too high.



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CINEMA

The Gold Standard

"Art is long," somebody once remarked to the late Fred Allen. "Yeah," he rasped. "As long as the line at the box office." Last week Manhattan's so-called art theaters refused to give a line a chance to form for a major work of art, a film from India called *Pather Panchali*. The theater operators decreed that the picture did not measure up to their standard—the gold standard. Explained one manager baldly: "The picture's got no sex in it."

Pather Panchali won a Grand Prix at the Cannes Film Festival in 1956. Last December it took first prize at the San Francisco International Festival, has been running for nearly two months at the city's Vogue Theater, the only public screen it has found in the U.S. In London, where it did excellent business, the *Observer* called it "tremendously affecting," and the *New Statesman* rated it "a masterpiece." Written, directed and produced by a 36-year-old Indian named Satyajit Ray, the film describes the slow decline and quiet fall of a family in an Indian village. Homely, poetic, stunningly beautiful to see, it is one of the finest pictures of recent years.

The men who own Manhattan's 36 art houses were not impressed. "Look," said one of them, "I saw this picture at Cannes and I like it, but it wouldn't make money. It lacks entertainment, and besides, a little girl dies in the picture." Said another: "These peasants live in huts. My customers live on Park Avenue."

Since a foreign picture cannot be booked in most U.S. cities without Manhattan reviews, *Pather Panchali* will almost certainly not be booked elsewhere in the U.S. Meantime, Manhattan's art houses looked more than ever like tart houses, as their marquee showed: *The Adulteress* ("absorbing drama of sin"), *And God Created Woman* (starring Brigitte Bardot), *Sins of Casanova* ("wicked"), *The Bride Was Much Too Beautiful* (Brigitte Bardot), *Smiles of a Summer Night* ("bawdy, nawdy"), *The Light Across the Street* (Brigitte Bardot).

The New Pictures

Beautiful but Dangerous* [Malenotti; 20th Century-Fox] is ugly but harmless. The Eastman color print is riotously red—but then it will keep the image of Gina Lollobrigida green in the moviegoer's memory. The words that come out of the loudspeaker bear almost no relation to the movements made by the actors' lips—but then it is comforting to imagine that the actual Italian dialogue is not as silly as the English translation. As for the plot, Scriptwriter Cesare Cavagna has assured the public that it presents the life story of Lina Cavalieri, a well-known Italian so-

prano in the days before World War I. "as Lina herself wanted it told." La Cavallieri died in 1944, and the story makes little use of the known facts of the diva's life. As a matter of fact, the script sometimes sounds as if it had been written by a Ouija board.

"I can give you anything you want," the sinister singing master (Robert Alda) mutters hoarsely as he munches on the heroine's bared shoulder, "clothes, jewels, money!" Coldly Gina spurns him, for her heart belongs to a dashing young Russian prince (Vittorio Gassman). But alas, her love is hopeless, for what can a poor little



GINA & GASSMAN
"Beautiful, elegant, famous. Bah!"

orphan girl mean to "the favorite nephew of the Czar"? Besides, she is in Rome and he is far away in St. Petersburg, "a cold, silent city covered in snow and mystery." Yet sometimes he comes to Paris—"Paris! where everything is gay, sparkling and romantic," and where Gina is soon the queen of the *Folies Plastiques* and the rage of the age.

Her life is gay but her heart is sad. "Beautiful, elegant, famous. Bah! What does it matter?" she asks her mirror. But perhaps some day her prince will come—and one day he does. "We've met only tonight," he murmurs (for in the glamorous actress he does not recognize the poor little orphan girl), "but I feel I have known you always." He leads her out onto the terrace; he leads her down the garden path. But the heroine gets her revenge. The unhappy man is forced to listen as Gina, in her very own voice, sings an aria from *La Tosca*.

Cowboy [Phoenix; Columbia]. "Ef yew ask him fer whut's comin' in the middle of a rivah croassin', he'll pay aoff, an' he'll pay aoff in dry bills"—that's Glenn

* Not to be confused with any of the many other *Beautiful but* movies, e.g., *Beautiful but Broke*, *Beautiful but Dumb*, *Beautiful, but Dummies*.

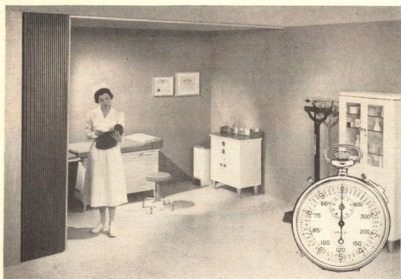
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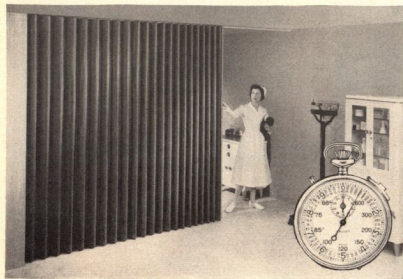
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DOORS

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Ford, a big cattleman from El Paso. "He's just young and full of frijoles"—that's Jack Lemmon, a Chicago hotel clerk. Ford signs Lemmon as a trail hand, and the rest of this picture (suggested by Author Frank Harris' memoirs of the 1870s, *My Reminiscences as a Cowboy*) describes with an engaging mixture of saddlesore truth and reach-for-leather fiction what a cowboy's life was like in the Old West, and how an Easterner learned to live it.

The first thing Lemmon learns is that a horse is a treacherous animal—a friend to your face but an enemy to your rear. He also learns to sleep on the bare ground, to catch naps in the saddle, to laugh at the cowboys' jokes—and they laugh hardest when the joke is practical. One day, just for the hell of it, somebody wraps a "prairie eel" around somebody else's neck, and everybody gives the victim the he-haw until the rattlesnake gives him a bite. It is then that the greenhorn learns what a human life is worth on the trail. As the man lies dying, the other hands sit around and beat their gums about this and that, as if nothing at all unusual were going on. "I think he's dead," one of them says at last. "Dig it deep," Boss Ford replies, "so's the kyoats doan git 'im." And at the graveside he says unemotionally, "He was a good man with cattle. Allus did the best he knew how." And they throw on the dirt.

Unfortunately, it does not take much of this to turn the hotel clerk into a genuine Hollywood cowboy, and as soon as he gets back to that Chicago hotel, he proceeds to demonstrate his he-manity. Superb in a steaming tub he sits, swigging his quart and sucking his Havana and languidly, when the spirit moves him, blasting away at the roaches on the walls with his trusty .45.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Enemy Below. A thriller of a duel between a DE and a U-boat, well played by Robert Mitchum and Curt Jürgens, sharply directed by Dick Powell (TIME, Jan. 13).

The Bridge on the River Kwai. Director David Lean's magnificently ironic adventure story, developed into a tragic exploration of the unmeaning of life; with Alec Guinness, William Holden (TIME, Dec. 23).

Ordet. A religious allegory, swathed in a peaceful northland light, by Denmark's Carl (Day of Wrath) Dreyer (TIME, Dec. 16).

Paths of Glory. A passion out of fashion, antimilitarism, vented by a gifted new director, 29-year-old Stanley Kubrick (TIME, Dec. 9).

Don't Go Near the Water. A daffy piece of South Pacific fiction, based on William Brinkley's novel about some officers and men engaged in the Navy's public relations—and their own private affairs (TIME, Nov. 25).

Gervaise. Emile Zola's *L'Assommoir*, a vast cry of rage at man's fate, diminished by French taste into a touching story of a woman's ruin; with Maria Schell (TIME, Nov. 18).



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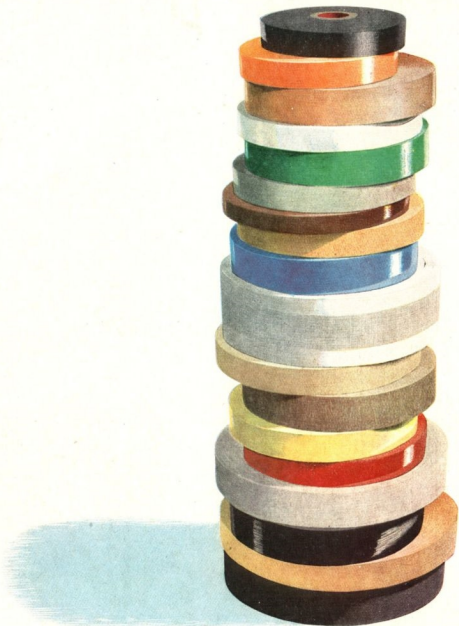
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EDUCATION

Turn Them Out

In the wake of a fresh wave of teenage violence, culminating in the suicide of a distraught Brooklyn junior high school principal (TIME, Feb. 10), the New York City Board of Education at last decided to crack down on the hoods in its classrooms. "To protect the innocent," it ruled last week, any pupil "charged with a violation of law involving violence or insubordination" would be suspended. The very next day the city's elementary, junior highs and vocational high schools suspended 544 troublemakers, and the academic high schools about 100 more.

The suspended were not just hooky-players and teacher-sassers. Many of them were knife-toting youngsters awaiting trial on such charges as robbery, assault and rape; many others had been convicted and turned back into the schools on parole or suspended sentences. Some could not be notified immediately of their suspension; they were chronic truants. Others, ironically, took the news with chagrin. Said one principal: "They felt they couldn't be touched. They didn't want to be in school in the first place, but when we told them we didn't want them, that was different."

If the board's new policy holds up, it may affect as many as 9,500 students—the 1% of the school population estimated to be the hard-core punks. It raised a howl among some teacher and civic groups as "an act of desperation" and "an abject surrender to pressure," and there was talk that the policy might be challenged in the courts. Since the city is desperately short of means to keep rein on delinquents awaiting trial, some officials joined the critics in wondering whether the board was not merely turning them "right out into the streets" to do even more damage. But the board had laid down a dramatic challenge. Somehow, it said in effect, the city and state must provide what is needed to cope with New York's shocking delinquency scandal—and let the schools get back to the job of education.

The Super & the Redhead

In the 23 years since he became school superintendent of little (pop. 8,400) Collingdale, Pa., heavy-jowled Faber E. Stengle, 67, seemed worth every penny of his annual \$9,400 salary. He worked hard, taught a men's Bible class, and lived with his wife in modest style. His only self-indulgence appeared to be the new Buicks he bought in 1956 and 1957. But last week the shocked citizens of Collingdale found that their impeccable Dr. Jekyll is also a rather spectacular Mr. Hyde.

Fancy Figures. The story came to light when a newly elected member of the board of school directors, Pharmacist Angelo LaBuono, dropped in at Stengle's office one day last December for a get-acquainted chat. Since Stengle was out, LaBuono began passing the time with three of his clerks. Soon they were blurring out ru-

mors and suspicions—all about a pretty redhead seen on Stengle's arm in Philadelphia, and fancy figures on the school checks that passed through his hands.

When the superintendent flew off to a Florida vacation the board began checking up. It soon learned that there was indeed a redhead in Stengle's life; he had met her through another good friend, a blonde. The redhead is a twice-married divorcee who goes under the name of Marguerite Barnes, 36. Stengle turned out to be supporting "Bonnie" Barnes with a good deal more than his arm. He paid most of the rent of her apartment in Philadelphia, helped pay for a Buick convertible, plied her with jewelry, cash and other

gifts, including a grandfather clock. When she asked where all the money came from, he blandly explained that he made a princely sum as superintendent.

Revolving Fund. And he did. Over the years, Stengle had managed to take over almost complete control of his schools' finances. He would draw checks on a special revolving "high school fund" by forging the name of the school board's secretary as co-signer. Instead of official checks with their serial numbers, he used personal blank checks, took the added precaution of making them out to cash. At the end of the month, he counted up the money he had stolen, drew a check for that amount on the school district's tax fund by forging the names of the school board's president, secretary and treasurer, then re-rolled the check back into the high

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" "NOTHING."

IN the 50-odd years since Education earned its "E" as a science, the language of the teacher has undergone a gobbledygookish change. A kid no longer has pals; he has a "peer group." He does not study subjects but goes through "a learning experience." And his job often seems less to master the three Rs than to satisfy his "real life" and/or "felt needs." In a new book called *Translations from the English* (Simon & Schuster; \$1.95), Robert Paul Smith, author of the bestselling *Where Did You Go?* "Out," *What Did You Do?* "Nothing," takes up the problem of how to understand teachers and "other more or less English-speaking people." Among his translations:

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that. At this stage, it's the social adjustment that really counts."

The child cannot read, write, or count beyond nine, but has stopped throwing modeling clay into the sand box.



"We like to see them explore their environment. Of course, sometimes their conceptions are faulty, but that's how we learn, isn't it?"

He has conclusively proved that the class goldfish does not eat blue crayons.



"To be perfectly truthful, he does seem to have developed late in large-muscle control."

He falls on his head frequently. "He shows a real ability in plastic conception."

He can make a snake out of clay. "He has a considerable grasp of spatial values."

He can get a blob of finger paint all over a sheet of paper. And, without half trying, can spatially extend it over his body, his tee shirt, his shoes, dungarees and, unless restrained, you.

"I think that's good. It means that he is trying to interrelate his school experience with his home atmosphere."

He has tentatively established as a working hypothesis that the baby is not addicted to blue crayons.

"No, I don't think the work is beyond him. He just won't apply himself." Come on now, anybody can say, "Here we go loopy loo."

"He's rather slow in group integration and reacts negatively to aggressive stimulus."

He cries easily. "It's been a real pleasure having him in the class this year. He's developed so."

It's the end of the term, the teacher is getting married and quitting the school system—why hold grudges?

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school fund. He also forged school-board notes to obtain bank loans, once for as much as \$60,000. When the bank statement came in each month, he made a few changes, removed the forged, unnumbered checks as if they had never existed. His records seemed invariably in order, and the board thought, not entirely without reason, that good old "Casey" Stengle was the very model of efficiency.

Last week police cut short Stengle's Florida vacation, escorted him home to face arraignment—and the news that the redhead had been seeing a lot of another man while taking his gifts. He admitted that he had embezzled at least \$125,000. Officials thought that the final figure might reach as much as \$200,000. Whatever the amount, the Collingsdale school district last week found itself all but flat broke. It had only about \$15,000 left to last the rest of the year. Casey Stengle was very sorry, but he was also glad the whole thing was over. "After all," said he, "this has been going on for ten years, and it was a terrible strain."

Wasteland, U.S.A.

As Congress debated last week on federal aid to education, a fresh flood of reports swamped Washington with evidence of the sorry state of the nation's schools. Items:

¶ Of all high school graduates in the top 30% of their class, only half ever go on to college. About one in five of the students in the top quarter does not even stay in high school long enough to graduate.

¶ Two out of three high school students do not take chemistry, three out of four avoid physics, seven out of eight get no trigonometry or solid geometry. Some 100,000 seniors attend high schools that offer no advanced mathematics, and 61,000 go to schools that offer neither chemistry nor physics.

¶ Last year 14 states did not require even a single course in science or mathematics for a high school diploma. While 27 states maintain special supervisors for physical education, and all 48 have supervisors for home economics, agriculture and "distributive trades," only two states employ a mathematics supervisor, and only six have supervisors for science.

¶ Though public high school enrollments have gone up 21.6% since 1947, U.S. colleges turned out only 4% more graduates trained to teach mathematics and only 15.1% more trained to teach science. And of those so trained, only six out of ten went directly into teaching.

¶ Fewer than 15% of U.S. high school pupils are taking a foreign language; half the U.S. high schools do not offer a foreign language at all. While 40% of all Russian high school pupils study English, only ten out of 25,000 U.S. high schools offer Russian. Meanwhile, the number of college graduates qualified to teach a foreign language has dropped 30% since 1950. In this field, said Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Marion Folsom, "we find ourselves the most backward major nation in the world."

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ART

SECRETS BELOW THE SURFACE



BELLINI'S SLEEPING LOTIS (1514)



TITIAN'S SLEEPING ANDRIAN (1518)



RUBENS' COPY FROM TITIAN (1638)

BECAUSE the X-ray machine can penetrate the surface of a painting without doing any damage, it has long been an indispensable tool for art historians. Layers of paint on canvas (including the liberal amounts of white lead used by old masters to lighten their pigments) absorb X rays in varying amounts, thus producing on a negative a revealing shadow-graph. To the trained art scholar's eye, an X ray of a painting can often reveal its whole history, from the first unseen priming coat the artist put on the canvas, through the artist's corrections and over-painting, to the final surface that meets the gallerygoer's eye. Last week two questions that have long been debated by art scholars were answered by X ray.

In Chicago & London. One answer came in Chicago, where the mystery was whether Georges Seurat had originally included his only self-portrait as a mirror image in his famous painting of his mistress, *Young Woman Powdering*. Chicago Art Institute Director Daniel Catton Rich and Painting Conservator Louis Pomerantz, taking advantage of the loan of the painting from London's Courtauld Institute for the Chicago Seurat show (TIME, Jan. 20), decided to test the legend by X ray. To their delight, they found beneath the paint the blurred outline of a man's head. The discovery tended to confirm the tale that Seurat had painted it over after a friend had pointed out that it would be in dubious taste.

The day after the Chicago Institute announced its discovery, the Courtauld Institute announced in London that it had found an answer to an older puzzle. Among the paintings owned by Queen Elizabeth is one attributed to Titian, titled *Titian and Friend*. For generations scholars have been troubled by the disturbing blank area at the right of the painting. Placing it under X ray, the London institute discovered a long-suspected third figure, a man younger than the others. Experts have guessed that Titian's first friend was Venetian Grand Chancellor Andrea dei Franceschi, but Friend No. 2, and the reasons why he was brushed out, are unknown.

At Ferrara. One of the most impressive feats of art sleuthing by X ray is reported by John Walker, director of Washington's National Gallery, in his book, *Bellini and Titian at Ferrara* (Phaidon; \$6.50). Sleuth Walker tackled one of the world's great masterpieces, Giovanni Bellini's *Feast of the Gods* (see color page), now at the National Gallery, managed to prove through X rays what no scholar could hope to do with the naked eye.

Art historians long ago confirmed the ties between Bellini and Titian. Bellini, the master of 15th century Venetian painting, was more than 80 when he delivered his *Feast* to the proud, warlike

Duke Alfonso I d'Este of Ferrara and his wife, Lucrezia Borgia. Bellini had called on the young talent of Titian to help finish the great canvas. After Bellini's death in 1516, Titian—who became the new Venetian master—won the commission to paint three other large, allegorical paintings for the duke's Renaissance study. As an added service, Titian repainted sections of the *Feast* to make it accord with the more luxury-loving tastes of his time—and, incidentally, to accord more with his own oils.

With these facts to go on, John Walker decided that he would try to separate Bellini's original work from Titian's later additions. By meticulously X-raying the canvas (14 negatives were used to cover the figures), Walker was able to pinpoint those aspects which made Bellini seem old-fashioned, and reveal Titian's solutions for bringing them up to date.

Over the static row of trees that Bellini had used as background (see X ray opposite), Titian painted a tremendous, craggy landscape that historians consider "an epoch in the history of art." Slicing down across the canvas is a torrent of light leading the eye to the fertility god Priapus in the act of surprising the sleeping nymph, Lotis. (The rest of the story, i.e., that the satyr Silenus' hollow-backed ass, at left, would bray at the critical moment, thus awaken the other gods and put Priapus to flight, was then too well known to require illustration.) Elsewhere, Titian lightly brushed in the gods' symbols, e.g., the trident for Neptune, lowered the décolletage of the nymphs, changed legs and arms to weave the static figures into a more rhythmic whole.

Lovefiest Nude. Using his X-ray evidence, Walker was able to give art scholars a full report on one of the greatest art criticisms ever delivered. Moving on from Titian's embellishment of his master's work, Walker points out that the younger painter challenged Bellini even more directly with a nude figure in *The Andrians*, the painting which originally hung alongside *Feast* in the duke's study. Considered one of the loveliest nudes painted during the Renaissance, it seems to be Titian's statement to Bellini: "This is how your Lotis should have reclined if she were to charm Priapus."

In time, even Titian's resplendent nude became old-fashioned. A century later, when the great northern baroque artist, Peter Paul Rubens, copied *The Andrians*, he rendered the nymph as a quite human figure. Pointing up the changes, Walker writes: "Titian's maenad seems wrapped in dreams, the marvelous sensuality of her pose dowered with a poetic beauty. Rubens alters slightly the position of her head and arm, and suddenly the nymph assumes the heavy somnolence of intoxication. She has fallen into a drunken slumber wonderfully expressed."

"FEAST OF THE GODS" is world-famed masterpiece painted by Bellini in 1514 for Renaissance study in Ferrara and later repainted by Titian. Painting, now in the National Gallery, Washington, D.C., is based on Ovid's account of bacchanal that accompanied annual sacrifice of an ass to god Priapus, seen at right bending over sleeping Lotis. X ray (right) shows Bellini originally set scene against row of trees, Titian built up background, made nymphs more voluptuous.





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TELEVISION & RADIO

Coming Attractions

The war between the movies and TV suffered its Dienbienphu last week. Paramount Pictures Corp., last of the big moviemakers to hold out, finally surrendered, sold its backlog of 750 pre-1948 films to TV. The price: a handsome \$50 million. Soon to visit the televiewer at home, courtesy of Management Corp. of America (and numberless sponsors), are such Paramount standouts as *Going My Way*, *This Gun for Hire*, *The Lost Weekend*, all the Mae West films, the Hope-Crosby-Lamour "Road" shows; and Cecil B. de Mille's *Cleopatra*, *Unconquered* and *Union Pacific*.



DANA WYNTER & BEN GAZZARA
Crime with exquisite calm.

Review

Playhouse 90: Daphne du Maurier's gothic tales would appear to be packed with protein for TV drama. They are well fused, charged with suspense and atrob with elemental passions. One of the best, *The Little Photographer*, tells a brooding crime story about a beautiful marquise who dallies in the bracken with an impoverished young photographer, then shoves him off a cliff to a Mediterranean grave. In the television, retitled *The Violent Heart* by Adapter Leslie Stevens, the little photographer (Ben Gazzara) died when he accidentally crashed through the balustrade of a Riviera ruin. This sapped the story of much of its mystery. But what *Heart* lost in plot, it made up for in atmosphere and pictorial splendor—and a fine new twist at the end. Like Aeschylus' avenging Eumenides, the photographer's sister (chillingly played by Actress Vivian Nathan) swooped down on the unfaithful marquise with some sunny but telltale pictures, and sneakily implied that she

would be around the house to haunt her for a long, long time.

As the marquise, porcelain-cheeked Dana Wynter, whose "lovely hands drooped down like lilies on either side," coped with blackmail and adultery with equally exquisite calm. Far flashier was Director John Frankenheimer, whose busy directorial conceits—trick angles, mirror shots, closeups to the pore, camera peeps through iron grilles, even the little photographer's aperture—often upstaged the work itself while accenting its hollow passion. Sometimes the tricks of the director, working in tandem with the star-crossed lovers and their roccoco surroundings, were more attention-catching than the story.

Armstrong Circle Theater: This CBS regular has grappled with a series of difficult subjects, e.g., the Dead Sea Scrolls, and produced a series of earnest failures. Last week *Armstrong* deftly dodged the main issue of a most unlikely topic and pulled off one of the best shows of its season. The subject: *The New Class*, the anti-Communist political tract by Recanting Red Milovan Djilas, the Yugoslav long beleaguered and now in prison for turning on the party and Dictator Tito. *Armstrong's* program-saving trick was to ignore the dialectic of the book, concentrate instead on the spectacle of a man standing alone against his old comrades.

As the stubborn Djilas, Tito's buddy from the partisan days, Actor Fritz Weaver glinted with the self-possessed fury of a man who is supremely confident that he is right and his party wrong. One effective sequence: Djilas standing before the rapid-fire bursts of invective from his friends-turned-enemies, then answering: "I will not retract a word of what I have said or written."

Spillane's Hammer: He had the old familiar flair for violence and the leer for sex. And, true to fiction, Private Eye Mike Hammer was soon mixed up with a wild-eyed client and a wide-eyed doll. When the shooting was over, the client lay dead on the waterfront and the doll was off to the electric chair. "You burn me up," she murmured to Hammer as she was taken away. "No," Mike gently corrected, "the warden does that."

With such swaggering cynicism Broadway Pro Darren (*The Rainmaker*) McGavin, 34, last week treated a New York audience to the second of a 39-show series of half-hour programs based on the sardonic, satiric, free-lance detective created by Mickey ("I'm not an author, I'm a writer") Spillane. Soon to be shown by 122 stations, the series entangles Hammer with every evil from white slavery to the wayward son of a chambermaid. A one-time tailback for the College of the Pacific, Actor McGavin looks natural tossing heavies down flights of stairs and giving the leather to fallen enemies. But his performances as a whole are curiously uneven. In the first show he slurs his lines

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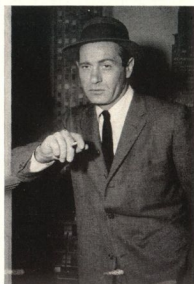
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DARREN MCGAVIN AS MIKE HAMMER
True to fiction.

like a Bowery tough; in the second he enunciates like a schoolboy debater.

Spillane fans, used to getting their sex right out of Gray's *Anatomy*, will have to settle for shots of Hammer emerging messily from off-camera, off-color encounters with neglected women. But the other Spillane requisites that have sold close to 30 million copies of his seven novels are preserved: furious action, a complex plot, a wow finish. Still, Spillane wants no part of the new series except his fee (\$25,000 and a cut of the receipts). "The real Mike Hammer sits back and laughs at his own show," he laughs, sitting back. "How about that! Sits back and laughs."

Brains v. Brawn

In France every Thursday night some 2,500,000 people forgo their Sagan, their cinema and other well-known Gallic pastimes to watch a new-style quiz show called *Têtes et Jambes*, literally "Heads and Legs" but loosely translated "Brains and Brawn." On *Brains*, the glint of gold is only incidental to the visual gimmicks and the sheer fun of watching the nation's top musclemen come to the aid of the IBMinded. To take home his cut of a \$5,600 jackpot, Brain must correctly answer a series of questions spread over four weeks. If he misses, the scene quickly shifts to a race track, a gymnasium or another studio, where Brawn, a top-flight French athlete or even a whole team, has to pull off some spectacular physical feat to keep the game going.

Lost Battle. Last week a retired army officer named Marcel Doher was up for his fourth and last stand on the show. His brawny crutch, France's crack 400-meter relay team, waited on a track nearby. When Doher failed to identify the French priest (Abbé Henriot) who in 1815 became a close friend and horseback-riding crony of Napoleon, the scene shifted to Brawn. The team matched its former



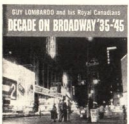
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record of 45 seconds flat, giving Brain another go at Napoleon, but Doherty missed again, and by this time the relay boys were tired. Twice the baton was dropped as it changed hands, and the battle was lost. As a consolation prize, Doherty won a framed letter signed by Napoleon, then invited his relay helpers out for some consoling champagne.

Old Soldier Doherty took his loss like a gentleman, but such defeats arouse national protest in France. Recently an aviation expert flubbed three questions in a row. His Brawn, Swimming Champion Aldo Eminent, saved him twice. But the strain on Aldo's stroke was too keen. On his third try, Aldo slowed down and their joint jackpot went down the pool drain. From the nation's 700,000 TV rooms came scores of outraged calls and letters.

Last Lift. Last December a Brain whose specialty was explorers tripped over three successive questions. Sample: Who was the first explorer to reach Timbuktu and live? Answer: René Caillié. The Brain's Brawn, an amateur champion weight lifter, did well the first two times around, pleaded for time out before attempting to lift 275 lbs. from a snatch position and 330 lbs. "clean and jerk." For fully five minutes, viewers watched Brawn parade in front of the camera, flexing muscle and steeling nerve. Finally, to the relief of several hundred thousand Frenchmen, he raised his weights sufficiently high; Brain and Brawn happily split their jackpot.

Brain behind *Brain* is young (28), burly Pierre Bellemare (who also originated a similar show in Italy), a TV program contractor, who believes in "people doing things, not just saying them." As a result, the studio is clogged from week to week with such odd items as a World War I airplane, a collection of vintage automobiles, a chunk of a 17th century galleon. Bellemare draws on a seemingly inexhaustible supply of Brawn, goes after horse jumpers, cross-bow experts and ice skaters (Amateur Skater Roger Tourne broke the 500-meter record for France on the show) as well as conventional runners and jumpers. But, says he, picking Brains "is a more difficult business."

Coke Choke

"During this festive winter season," TV Announcer Henri Bergeron told Montrealers, with a pause-that-refreshes smile, "Drink good Coca-Cola. Why don't you share one with me now?" Bergeron, the town's top announcer, toasted his vast audience, took a long, deep draught from the glass, choked. He gasped. He coughed. Finally he managed to rasp: "If you want it in quantity, here's the large economy bottle."

Montreal viewers were delighted, bombarded the station with scores of phone calls. Sample: "I've been watching that live commercial for months just waiting for something like that to happen. It was a rare moment." Perhaps too rare for Bergeron, who was worried about his sponsor. Said he: "I only hope the Coca-Cola people find it as funny."



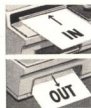
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Diva's Return

When Maria Meneghini Callas, in a gleaming white hoop-skirt gown, stepped demurely before the Metropolitan Opera's golden curtain after the first act of Verdi's *La Traviata* last week, plainclothesmen planted themselves at the head of the aisles near the stage. Nobody was sure who was supposed to be protected from what, but the cops' presence was clearly unnecessary. On her first Met appearance this season, Soprano Callas carried the house from the moment she lifted her first note across the orchestra pit.

Forgotten was Callas' walkout from the Rome Opera last month (TIME, Jan. 13) when she lost her voice during a performance of *Norma*. At the final curtain she

had the quiet poignancy and the ring of truth that so often evade lesser artists. All in all, Callas gave the Met its most exciting *Traviata* in years, and demonstrated again that she has lost none of the turbulent appeal that can magnetize an audience at the flick of an arm or a twist of the head. Diva Callas' next Met roles: Donizetti's Lucia di Lammermoor and Puccini's Tosca.

Opera in the Saloon

The lined, grave-faced old Italians come to roll *bocce* balls for 30¢ a game in the indoor courts behind the bar, or to drink a *poncino* (coffee laced with brandy) and play long, silent games of pinocchie. But now and then the pinocchie stops in mid-meld, and the *bocce* bowlers push through



CALLAS IN "TRAVIATA," ACT I
With ardency, gaiety and scant help.

Louis Málangeon

took ten solo bows. The true measure of how totally Callas dominated last week's *Traviata* was the credibility she brought to the younger Dumas' tears-and-champagne tale of the consumptive courtesan—with scant help from a minor-league cast. As Alfredo, Tenor Daniele Barioni sang powerfully but uncertainly and sometimes off-key, acted in an emotional monotone that made his rages indistinguishable from his passions. In his U.S. debut, Italian Baritone Mario Zanasi displayed a smooth, ample voice but made his Germont pompous and wooden where he should have been dignified, faintly sentimental where he should have been compassionate.

Callas' own performance had the familiar virtues and faults: warmth and purity in the lower and middle registers, edginess and wobble in the upper ones. But she infused the character of Violetta with ardency, hectic gaiety and a dampened passion that flickered through the role like a wayward fever. Her deathbed agonies

the swinging door into the bar to stand watching the small stage. Occasionally, as a mark of highest respect, the old men take off their hats.

What attracts them is the same lure that brings steady crowds of tourists and local fans to the De Luxe Bocce Ball Court, a none-too-plush bar in San Francisco's Italian district: operatic arias and duets, spiritedly and sometimes expertly sung. Most performers are part-time professionals—old opera hands in semiretirement or music students who work and take lessons during the day, sing several nights a week at the bar. There is no honky-tonk hanky-pank at the Bocce; the men, in white shirts and black string ties, and the women, in flowered skirts and modest blouses, sit stiffly on the tiny stage, waiting their turns to line out *La donna è mobile* or *Un bel dì*. The audiences come to hear music, and they listen with attention, shush fiercely at loud-crowding pub crawlers.

Individualistic Crew. Owner Mario Peironi provides accordion accompaniments, tends bar occasionally, takes time out to frisk departing *bocce* bowlers (who sometimes go west with the expensive balls). He also superintends his singers, who are an individualistic crew. Most independent of the lot: Tenor Armando Lembi, a 35-year-old worker in a chocolate factory, who draws bravos when he sings but refuses to show up more than once a week. Says exasperated Impresario Peironi: "God gave him a great gift, and he won't use it. I even offered him a job as bartender, just so he'd be in the place. He said, 'Mario, there is wickedness in your eye. If I'm here, you'll make me sing.'" Explains Lembi: "I like to let loose on Friday nights. Other nights, no."

Typical of Peironi's girl singers is pretty, promising Soprano Dawn Nielson, 23, who sings three nights a week—all her music teacher will allow. This winter she got as far as the finals of the local Metropolitan Auditions. Pet of the Bocce is onetime La Scala Basso Antonio Meloni, who rooms across the street from the bar, has played pinocchie there nearly every day since it opened in 1939. Basso Meloni, 81, arrives each morning at 10, stays all day, takes a short nap after dinner, brushes his shoulder-length white hair and returns for the evening. He sings at the drop of a *bocce* ball, joins Peironi's troupe at least once a night.

Glorious Moment. Stars from the San Francisco or Metropolitan Opera appear from time to time in the audience, occasionally join in an aria or two. So far, none has provided the hoped-for Hollywood fadeout to the Bocce story by discovering a great new singer. But the Bocce has had at least one glorious moment: five years ago, with 3,300 tickets sold for a Pacific Opera performance of *Pagliacci*, Tenor Ernest Lawrence phoned to say he was too sick to sing Canio. Two hours before curtain time, Director Arturo Casiglia reached Bocce Tenor Arthur Peters, zipped him into the costume of Leoncavallo's tragic clown, gave him a pointer or two on acting and propelled him onstage. He did fine, got warm critical notices.

Twilight of Twaddle?

Hans Keller is a London music critic whose aim is to stop most talk about music. This apparently self-destructive ambition is prompted by Keller's belief that emotions slip through the loom of language like herring through a cargo net. Keller's solution: analysis by music instead of by words. His criticism of Mozart's *String Quartet in D Minor* (K. 421) broadcast last week from Hamburg, convincingly demonstrated that a few snatches of music, pointedly juxtaposed, can make a sharper comment on a composition than a column of critical prose.

Aside from its tendency to jargon, the trouble with verbal music criticism, says Keller, is that it tends to describe musical forms but fails to penetrate beyond them to the "fundamental unity" at the heart of a composition. To lay music's "inner

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architecture" bare, the critic must abandon language ("The age of description is over") and so immerse himself in analysis of a work that he "lives with it and dreams about it."

After several months, when he knows the music so well that he understands the composer's unconscious logic, the critic is ready to write an "analytical score" that isolates and interweaves the composition's various themes, phrases, harmonies and rhythms, thereby demonstrating how they relate to each other and to the central idea. The analytical score is played as a series of interludes after each movement; in the case of the Mozart *Quartet*, the original piece takes about 30 minutes, the interludes 17 minutes. Their effect is like looking at a painting, then watching a series of lantern slides of different portions of the painting, stripped of minor embellishments and arranged to stress the picture's harmonies and tensions.

Vienna-born Critic Keller, 38, a violinist and teacher, wrote verbal criticism exclusively for years before he decided that words failed him. They simply created "unbearable divisions," he says, "between music critics and music lovers." His Mozart analysis was hailed by word-bound, cliché-tied British critics as "a most important departure." Keller is now working on an analysis of Beethoven's *String Quartet, Opus 95*. Says he: "Most of what passes for musical criticism today is sheer bunk; I think functional analysis will bring about the twilight of the twaddle." He is not disturbed by the thought that it might also spoil the market for the written criticism with which he still partly supports himself. "The critic's job," says Critic Keller, "is to make himself unnecessary."

Tenting Tonight

The North is finally getting equal time from Columbia Records, whose 1954 album *The Confederacy* misted eyes from Richmond to Vicksburg, sold an impressive 35,000 copies. *The Union*, a handsomely turned-out companion album, may lack the other record's lost-cause fascination, and its concluding "hip-hip-hooray" cannot compete with the doomed defiance of *The Confederacy's* Rebel-yell finale. But *The Union's* alternately triumphant and melancholy Civil War music, again grouped by Conductor-Composer Richard Bales, stirs gallant ghosts and makes fine listening. The Grand Army starts off to war with a rousing quickstep, soon changes its tune to fit a war for which—as Historian Bruce Catton points out in an album essay—hardly any of the soldiers were prepared. The disillusion of the troops is powerfully clear in the campfire dirge, *Tenting Tonight*:

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Many are dead and gone . . .
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Dying tonight,
Dying on the old Camp ground.

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rallying song to match the South's cap-tossing *Bonnie Blue Flag*, and the inevitable *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. Some of the ditties are wryly humorous, like *The Invalid Corps*, which pokes fun at the era's equivalent of 4-Fs. But most songs rank sentimentally back, like *Aura Lea*, to languishing sweethearts or, unabashedly, to home and Mom:

Farewell, Mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again;
But O, you'll not forget me, Mother,
If I'm number'd with the slain.

This may be sheer bathos, but, as Cat-ton points out, such songs were often sung by young soldiers who knew that their chances of seeing home again were poor. And *The Union's* effective performance

(it is scored for soprano and baritone soloists, a combination that evokes the longing of both the women at home and the men in the field) rarely allows sentimentality to get out of hand.

One of *The Union's* virtues is the seldom-heard Civil War music it saves from obscurity, e.g., *Abraham Lincoln's Funeral March*, a moving piece by an otherwise unknown composer, William Wolsieff. The score is dedicated to Composer Bales's grandfather, a Union captain, but at least at one point the suspicion is aroused that Virginia-born Richard Bales has fired one last shot for the Grey: to record the boom of a cannon, Columbia sound engineers had a twelve-pounder touched off at Manassas, the site of two of the North's worst defeats.

THE THEATER

New Musical in Manhattan

Oh Captain! (book by Al Morgan and José Ferrer; music and lyrics by Jay Livingston and Ray Evans) stems rather brokenly from the triumphant Alec Guinness movie, *The Captain's Paradise*. As a musical yarn about a Channel skipper who shuttles between wholesome British wedlock near London and being a bold out-of-wedlochinar in Paris, *Oh Captain!* shimmers with possibilities and for a time arouses hopes. Tony Randall comes off well as a starchy captain on shipboard and a stuffy mate in the home, and he has plenty of dash in a love nest. In Jacquelyn McKeever he has a nice blonde English missus; in Abbe Lane, a fetching redhead from Montmartre. There is here a pleasant tune and there a nice dab of satire, an engaging boulevard bit with Ballerina Alexandra Danilova, some neat Jo Mielziner sets. And when the blonde wife wins a weekend trip to Paris, there is a sense of fireworks to come.

Unhappily, as the plot thickens, the fun turns thin, and what should have been the naughty lure of Paris has only Broadway's noisy hotcha. The tunes too often have a second-time-round kind of lilt, teasing the memory even when they please the ear. The book and lyrics have a kind of curate sophistication, as though a droll double life could be conveyed in determined double meanings. In time, the show and José Ferrer's staging not only lack all taste of dry champagne, there is no longer any gay popping of corks. *Oh Captain!*, to be fair, is never outrageously bad; it is just almost nowhere as good as it should be.

New Plays in Manhattan

The Infernal Machine (adapted by Albert Bermel from the French of Jean Cocteau) is *Oedipus Rex* revised and enlarged. The Cocteau version, which is 24 years old, does some clever satiric tale twisting, makes the story turn a psycho-logical handspring or two, tosses in talk of music and dancing, and includes scene after scene that Sophocles did without. It uses a legitimate method of getting out of



Fred Fehl

TONY RANDALL & ABBE LANE
A bold out-of-wedlochinar.

a classical rut and taking a fresh modern slant. The result is interesting without being successful.

Opening like a work even better known than *Oedipus*—two sentries on the battlements of Thebes have for some nights been seeing the ghost of Oedipus's father—*The Infernal Machine* is most brittle and playful in its long, chatty first scene, where Jocasta (June Havoc), all dolled up for a night out, flirts with young soldiers. But already the ghost of King Laius tries to warn of things to come. When in the next scene a cocky, ambitious Oedipus (John Kerr) appears and infatuates the Sphinx, he does not guess her riddle; she tells him the answer. Again there are warnings, but undeterred Oedipus marries



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Jocasta. As a last warning of all, on their wedding night they are both hopelessly sleepy. In the final scene some 17 years later, Oedipus is warned again—this time against probing into the past. Everyone treats him with a kind of imploring "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no truths." But he is as dogged about disaster as he was about triumph. When at last the self-blinded Oedipus writhes and moans, Teiresias plumbs his insatiable pride: "He wanted to be the happiest of men, now he wants to be the unhappiest."

The play is fitted out with much such modern plumbing. Yet in inventiveness and impact alike, it somehow falls short. It falls short for one thing because it is so unmercifully long; for another, because it achieves no pervasive tone or attitude. It reupholsters the *Oedipus* story rather than reshapes it; it is too close to a stunt at the outset, too close to Sophocles at the end. And for all its merits, an intelligent production has actors who are rather at odds with their roles or at odds with each other. But perhaps *The Infernal Machine* suffers most of all simply for being a rewrite of the most superbly unfolded drama in all literature.

Winesburg, Ohio (adapted by Christopher Sergel from the short stories of Sherwood Anderson) turns Anderson's celebrated slim volume into far too slim a play. The book's small-town vignettes shocked readers in 1919 with insights into the neurotic crochets of lonely, frustrated Winesburgers. No longer shocking, it has been smoothed by the years into a piece of rural nostalgia, but it is still a plotless set of fragments unified by little more than the author's tone of voice and a mood of isolated lives. For dramatic focus, Adapter Sergel forfeited the rich multiplicity of characters, fastened upon the struggle of ailing Elizabeth Willard (Dorothy McGuire) to free her sensitive if needed son George (Ben Piazza) from the cramp of Winesburg and his crass hotelkeeper-father (James Whitmore) and let him go off to become a writer.

Set in the sprawling ugliness of a three-story Willard Hotel that seems to imprison the audience as well as the players, this pallid version of Broadway's *Look Homeward, Angel* has just enough story line for a wistful, low-key one-act play. The line goes hopelessly slack in the second and third acts when Playwright Sergel keeps falling back on his first. Even the major Anderson characters seem thin, and for a good reason. Anderson merely sketched them with evocative daubs; his adapter failed to fill them out with the detail demanded by the theater. Out of unsupplied reverence for the original, he painstakingly spliced pieces of Anderson's dialogue, sometimes borrowing the words of one character for the mouth of another. When he ran out of the dialogue for big scenes, he decided to let them speak to each other in stilted excerpts from the book's descriptive prose. Perhaps authors henceforth should be warned by the Dramatists' Guild that anything they say may be used against them.

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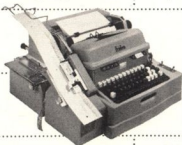
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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Optimism v. Facts

The crystal-ball gazers who try to chart the course of the U.S. economy usually hedge any predictions with plenty of ifs and buts. Last week the U.S. got a refreshingly different kind of forecast from Carrol M. Shanks, president of the Prudential Insurance Co., second biggest in the U.S. (first: Metropolitan Life). Said Insurance Shanks: "I'm optimistic. We're pretty close to the end of the downgrade, and we should see an upturn before long. Steel production will start up in March, if not sooner, because steel sales have been running ahead of production; so will textile production and most durable goods for the same reason." What's more, said Shanks, the stock market will go up also. "I am personally going to put any money I have available into stocks because I don't want to miss the present market."

Despite President Shanks's clear optimism, it was still hard for most businessmen to see signs of an early upturn. Steelmen themselves, whose plants operated at less than 60% of capacity throughout much of January, expect no improvement in February. Detroit's worried auto men reported that January production of 489,357 units was down 8.5% from December and 23.7% lower than January 1957. As business cut back buying, the Federal Reserve announced that commercial and industrial loans in 94 major cities tumbled another \$218 million for the week, making a total \$1.8 billion reduction since mid-1957. In turn, the big sales finance companies chopped their interest rates by another $\frac{1}{8}$ % (total reduction this year: $1\frac{1}{8}$ %) for the sharpest cut in years. A day later, commercial dealers followed with a $\frac{3}{8}$ % reduction on short-term notes. One gainer was the U.S. Treasury, whose refinancing operations were helped by declining interest; Treasury's short-term rates went to 1.583%

last week, down better than two points from the 24-year high of last October.

Around the U.S., economists and businessmen talked increasingly of a tax cut to spur the U.S. economy. But those who looked beyond short-term statistics and noted the vast increase in future Government spending cautioned against any such massive help. Said Treasury Secretary Robert B. Anderson: "I can conceive of situations where tax reductions might be brought into play to help the resumption of economic growth. But it is our judgment that the present condition does not warrant such action." In that he was in tune with FRB Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr., who still regards inflation as a major danger. Added Martin: "If I'm right in thinking that this strong, robust economy is suffering from overexertion, nothing can prevent the recovery of the patient—unless you give him a hypodermic that leads him to try to overexert himself again."

AUTOS

Break 'Em Up

Eager as a beaver, American Motors President George Romney appeared last week before the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee investigating auto prices. The committee, which is concentrating on the Big Three, had not originally invited Romney; he himself had asked to appear. But the committee was soon delighted that he had.

The trouble with the auto industry, said Romney, is too much concentration of power by Big Business and Big Labor, too little competition. To increase competition, said Romney, both General Motors and Ford should be forced to split up into smaller companies. Going beyond the auto industry, Romney said that any company should be forced to split up if it has more than 35% of its industry's sales or only 25% if engaged in more than one industry. Since both Ford and G.M. are in several industries, they would each be eligible for only 25% of the auto industry. To nip what he called "union monopolies," Romney would split up big unions such as the U.A.W. In any basic industry, said he, the bargaining power should be lodged with unions "exclusively representing the employees of a single employer."

"A big company," said Romney, "becomes muscle-bound and resistant to change." As it stands, the big carmakers are so laden with heavy fixed investment, Romney said, that they cannot afford to change from big cars to small even though the public may want them. As expected, he feels it does. American's January production of its small Ramblers was up 163% over the same 1957 period, and Romney expects "a substantial profit in 1958." Every other automaker had a January production slump. Chrysler slashed output 54% below the same period last year, Studebaker-Packard was down 59%, Ford 34%, General Motors 15%.



Walter Bennett

AMERICAN'S ROMNEY
Ready with the size.

Are higher 1958 prices the trouble? The Senators heard Chrysler's President Lester Lum Colbert implicitly deny it. "Tex" Colbert insisted that automakers can still have a good year "as soon as we get over this psychological thing" of recession-minded customers. "Prices are only a part of competition," he said. "You just can't go along with supply and demand. You price over a long-range program." Chrysler tried smaller cars in 1953-54. They were shunned in favor of larger (and cheaper) models made by G.M. and Ford. Chrysler tried cutting prices up to \$274 a car. "What did that do for our volume?" asked Colbert. "Absolutely nothing." Profits skidded from \$74.8 million in 1953 to \$18.5 million in 1954. "It was obvious the public wanted bigger automobiles. We learned quite a lesson."

POWER

Fish v. Dams

In the Pacific Northwest, which is crying for more cheap electricity, a big bloc of voters believes that only the Government can afford the big dams the region wants. In the 1956 elections, the Republicans took a beating because of their partnership policy and stress on private power. Yet last week the Northwest was up in arms over a Federal Power Commission recommendation for a huge dam that probably only the Government could build. Reason: it would kill the fish Northwesters love as much as kilowatts.

At issue was the turbulent Snake River along the Idaho-Oregon border, main tributary of the great Columbia and potential source of 3,600,000 kw. of the minimum 6,500,000 needed in the Northwest by 1967. There, unlike its previous decision in favor of three private dams at Hells



Boris Chligopin

PRUDENTIAL'S SHANKS
Ready for the rise.

TIME CLOCK

Canyon, the FPC last month rejected a bid by the Pacific Northwest Power Co. to build two more private dams—costing \$170 million—downstream at Mountain Sheep and Pleasant Valley. FPC said it favors a far bigger \$450 million dam farther downstream at Nez Perce, which would produce 1,672,000 kw. and store 3,900,000 acre-feet of water, also curb the flood-prone Salmon River, a wild branch of the Snake. Though FPC left Nez Perce open to private construction by Pacific Northwest Power, a four-company combine, powermen feared that such a dam would almost certainly need heavy federal financing because of its cost.

Conservationist's Nightmare. The unexpected decision shocked the combine, which had spent \$2,500,000 planning its smaller dams. And it enraged some 200,000 politically potent sports fishermen throughout the Northwest. The dams that industrialized the Northwest have blocked great runs of Chinook salmon and steelhead trout as they swarm in from the sea to spawn far upstream. Since pre-dam 1928, the commercial salmon catch on the Columbia River alone has decreased more than 50%. Millions have been spent on devices to help mature fish climb dams, get tiny fingerlings back safely through turbine blades and out to sea. Nothing has really succeeded. At dams higher than 100 ft., fish have to be trucked by land both ways, and Nez Perce sounded like a conservationist's nightmare. Not only would it be 800 ft. high, but its site below the confluence of the fish-rich Salmon and Imnaha Rivers might eliminate nearly 25% of all fingerlings that eventually swim down the Columbia to the sea.

The fate of the fish split the Northwest. Washington State's Democratic Senator Warren Magnuson gulped hard and said he was all for the big Nez Perce dam. He was joined by some defecting fishermen willing to sacrifice sport for power. Against them, loyal fishermen hotly proposed a ten-year moratorium on all middle Snake River dams while fish-saving technology improves, and Dr. Alfred J. Krefl, president of the Oregon division of the powerful Izaak Walton League, said he will "raise all hell" to press it in Congress. Oregon's Democratic Senator Richard Neuberger, a staunch conservationist, said he could not back the dam ban. But he introduced a Senate bill specifying that FPC dam licenses be approved from now on by the Fish and Wildlife Service.

Democrats' Loss. As FPC replaced the Administration as the center of Northwest controversy, the beneficiary was Interior Secretary Fred Seaton, who has modified the policies of his predecessor, Douglas McKay, and quietly stolen some thunder from Northwest Democrats. Last week all eyes turned to Seaton's suggestion for a \$274 million multipurpose dam at Pleasant Valley instead of at Nez Perce. FPC and many powermen have opposed it because it would be above the Salmon and Imnaha Rivers, thus store much less wa-

FREE URANIUM MARKET will soon be set up for domestic producers, says AEC Raw Metals Director Jesse C. Johnson, in move to help troubled industry (TIME, Nov. 11). Production of concentrate in U.S. is so high that AEC no longer needs all of it. But buyers will have to get purchasing license to keep U.S. uranium from going to Iron Curtain lands.

AIR FARE INCREASE of 6.6% (TIME, Feb. 3) starts this week. Though domestic lines still want more (15% to 20% boost), all carriers have filed for new rates, say that they will apply on all tickets after Feb. 10.

RAILROAD TROUBLES are forcing Pennsylvania to reduce mainline passenger service 4%. Pennsy hopes to save \$3,000,000 annually by such economies as cutting 31 trains between New York and Washington, says passengers will never know the difference.

FLORIDA FROST, third this year for a major U.S. source of winter fresh vegetables, will sharply cut supply, bringing another big price boost until early summer harvest.

CAR SAVER CLUB, a plan to save down payment by installments, is being tried for first time by Seattle Dodge-Plymouth Dealer S. L. Savidge. Customer starts at \$25, gets 7% interest while he saves, can get money back plus 3½%.

HELICOPTER MERGER is in talking stage for Bell and Vertol Aircraft, whose 20-passenger, long-range models would complement Bell's line of smaller choppers.

OIL IMPORTS stand chance of being cut further by Government under "voluntary" plan. Commerce Department is worrying over the

"increasingly serious" inventory situation caused by drop in domestic demand, which is bringing price cuts in fuel oil. One big problem: the Government itself has increased imports to 40,000 barrels of oil a day, mainly for jets, and some oilmen want it stopped.

FIRST BENELUX CAR will be manufactured this year by The Netherlands' DAF company. It is a two-door, four-passenger sedan, priced at about \$1,000.

NO. 1 BREWER is again Anheuser-Busch, which lost title to Schlitz in 1955, regained it last year when its shipments rose 4% to 6,115,762 bbl. v. 6,023,608 bbl. for Schlitz.

TRAILER SALES hit record \$600 million last year, a 20% gain over 1956. Some 3,250,000 Americans are now living on wheels.

KOHLER STRIKE, longest in U.S. history, is next target of Arkansas Democrat John McClellan's Senate special investigating committee. Aim is to pinpoint acts of violence since U.A.W. struck Wisconsin plumbing-fixture firm 46 months ago. Top witnesses: Kohler Boss Herbert V. Kohler, U.A.W.'s Walter Reuther.

G.M. GIVEAWAY, a 300,000-entry employee contest, will pay \$500,000 for best letters on what automaker's first 50 years have meant to workers, their families and communities. First of some 5,000 prizes is \$35,000 house.

PACIFIC ROUTE BATTLE between Northwest Airlines and Pan American has been won by Northwest. Pan Am wanted to fly to Tokyo from West Coast via Alaska, a monopoly now held by Northwest. CAB turned down request, and White House concurred.

ter than Nez Perce. It would also flood out the lowest Hells Canyon dam that Idaho Power Co. is licensed to build. But Pleasant Valley, under hard study by the Interior Department since last year, would certainly save more fish than Nez Perce, be within range of private financing. The Oregon Water Resources Board has endorsed Seaton's idea. Whatever happened to the fish, they had kidnapped the dams from the politicians.

HOUSING

Home Experiment

From a drafty shack with primitive plumbing in a shabby section of Cedar-town, Ga., Lee Cantrell, 35, last week joyfully moved his wife and two children into a brand-new modern house. Yet Cantrell, a \$2,350-a-year clerk who had been living in the only place he could afford, will pay only \$23 a month plus utilities, less rent he paid for his shack. Reason: the new house is one of 13 newly scattered through Cedartown (pop. 10,000) under

the first such Government experiment in the U.S. The results may bring a great change in planning for the 80,000 public housing units still to be built in the U.S.

Public housing has always meant huge projects that pack in the most people possible per foot. But many experts now feel that such projects do nothing to stop spot decay in good neighborhoods. They suggest that a better way would be to scatter small units in strategic sites. Because Southern federal housing officials have been notably critical of the "blockbusting" theories of the housing authority, it finally set up the first experiment in Cedartown, 70 miles northwest of Atlanta.

So far, only the land cost (\$13,770) of the seven scattered Cedartown lots for the one- and two-family houses has been above that of the older housing projects in the area. The building costs of the single houses are cheaper because of prefabricated construction and the fact that no new water, electrical or sewage facilities had to be built. At a cost of \$191,972, a total of 20 families are being housed in



NEW U.S. PROJECT IN CEDARTOWN, GA.
In a house, room to live.

completely equipped structures with up to four bedrooms and spacious yards. Furthermore, the authority expects that separate houses will be much easier to sell to private buyers, as it hopes to do eventually. Philadelphia is mulling over the single-house idea to rehabilitate some sagging row-house areas, and the New York City Housing Authority plans nine one-block projects this year.

Folding the Featherbeds

One big reason why houses cost so much is that the output per man-hour of carpenters, bricklayers, masons, painters, *et al.* is skimpy in proportion to the \$2-to-\$5-an-hour wages they draw. Restrictions designed to spread work and keep output low are written into thousands of building-trades contracts. Most painters insist on using brushes where sprayers would do the job a lot faster. Carpenters resist prefabricated panels, and in some places panels fastened together at the factory are actually taken apart at the building site and nailed together again. Some locals lay down a maximum daily quota of bricks, studs or square feet of surface for bricklayers, carpenters, painters. Specialization is carried to the point where a contractor on a small job may have to hire one pipe fitter to lay the pipe out and another to join it.

Last week the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s 19-union Building and Construction Trades Department took what seemed a momentous step toward eliminating such cost-boosting practices. Announced at the A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive council meeting in Miami Beach was an anti-featherbedding code quietly drawn up over the past three years by the building-trades union and spokesmen for the National Constructors Association, whose members account for 90% of the U.S.'s heavy construction. The man behind the code: old (70) Bricklayer Richard James Gray, the B.C.T.D.'s unorthodox president, who shocked his fellow labor leaders at the A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention in Atlantic City, N.J. two months ago by urging a voluntary one-year wage freeze to hold prices down (TIME, Dec. 16). Gray's argument for wage restraint also applies to the anti-featherbedding code: high construction

costs are against the interests of building-trades workers, because high costs curb demand, and lower demand means fewer jobs.

In its main provisions the code calls for an end to:

❑ Union control over naming of foremen.

❑ The widespread practice of systematically starting late and stopping early.

❑ Limits on output, *e.g.*, daily quotas of bricks per bricklayer.

❑ Restrictions on the full use of proper tools or equipment.

❑ Slowdowns, forcing of overtime, spread-work tactics, stand-by crews and featherbedding practices.

These provisions will have no real effect unless and until they are written into local contracts. But in the building trades even a start toward folding the featherbeds is revolutionary.

CORPORATIONS

Banana Split

In June 1870, a Boston schooner skipper named Lorenzo Baker stopped at Port Morant, Jamaica, for a cargo of bamboo and some rum punch. While refreshing himself he bought—apparently with some misgiving—a load of bananas at 25¢ a bunch. The bananas were a bonanza; in the U.S. they brought \$2.50 a bunch, and Captain Baker quickly went into the banana hauling business. Since then his company has grown into United Fruit Co., the world's largest banana producer and carrier (1957 sales: \$342.3 million), which currently accounts for 60% of the U.S. market. United grew so large that in 1954 the Government filed an antitrust suit against it, charging that the company controlled the banana lands of Central America and monopolized the banana trade. Last week, on the eve of a trial in New Orleans Federal District Court, United agreed to a consent decree under which it will create a new competitor.

United will provide the competitor with assets and properties to support imports of about 9,000,000 stems a year, about 35% of United's imports in 1957. Managerial personnel must also come from United. The decree restricts United from acting as a processor or jobber with-

in the U.S., and orders it to get rid of its holdings in International Railways of Central America, which owns the main railroad in Guatemala and El Salvador.

Three Choices. United, which has until mid-1966 to submit a plan to the New Orleans Federal District Court and an other four years to comply, has three choices. It can: 1) create a subsidiary, transfer assets to it, then distribute the stock to United stockholders; or 2) sell a partial interest in the subsidiary to a buyer willing to invest at least \$1,000,000 and distribute the rest of the subsidiary to United stockholders; or 3) sell outright enough assets for a purchaser to import the required 9,000,000 stems a year. United may not hold an interest in the purchaser, nor may Standard Fruit & Steamship, its major rival, which now has 18% of the U.S. market.

The Justice Department sees no danger of interlocking control in a stock distribution to United stockholders. Officers of United hold less than .005% of the outstanding common, and 80% of the stockholders own less than 100 shares.

Problem Settled. Settlement of the suit solves one of the major problems of Indiana-born Kenneth H. Redmond, 62, who succeeded colorful, scrappy old Samuel Zemurray as United Fruit's president in 1951. To Redmond the decree is a green light for plans on the shelf since 1954. Last year United Fruit leased a million-acre concession from the Panamanian government to drill for oil; it hopes now to look over other mineral resources in Central America. After the announcement last week, investors sent United Fruit from 39½ to 43 on the New York Stock Exchange. They noticed, as President Redmond points out, that no provision of the decree materially affects United Fruit's foreign operations, and "there are no provisions which deny the company opportunity for continued growth and development."



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PRIVATE PLANES ON THE RISE

THE headline makers of the U.S. air world are supersonic fighters, jet bombers and transports. But today, almost unnoticed amidst the sonic booms, a second segment of the industry is enjoying a rise of unparalleled proportions: the private-plane industry, which is riding the jet stream of its own \$1 billion boom.

The U.S. private aviation fleet has soared to 66,000 planes, more flying machines than the combined air forces of both the U.S. and Soviet Russia. Last year alone, 18 light-plane makers added another 6,000 craft to the fleet, and grossed a record \$125 million for an 800% gain since 1951. Gas, oil, maintenance and other costs for 209,000 private pilots who fly for fun or profit added \$800 million more to the business. Yet the boom is just beginning. The forecast for 1975 is a fleet of 105,000 planes logging 25.8 million hours annually.

From Bust to Boom. What makes the growth even more spectacular is that the private-plane boom started off with a loud bust. During World War II so many young Americans learned to fly that small-plane makers saw visions of a U.S. on wings, flying for the sheer sport of it or touring the country in planes instead of the family car. In one heady year, the industry made 34,568 aircraft, seven years' normal production, and collapsed the market. Sport flying proved too expensive, and touring by plane found little appeal. By 1948 production was down to 7,039 planes; three years later it was hedgehopping, with only 2,279 units worth \$14 million. Many companies went broke. Many others turned to outside lines—farm machinery, industrial tools, even pie plates—to survive.

The power behind today's boom is a completely new approach to private flying. Instead of designing planes for pleasure,

the industry designs them for work. "Utility" is the new watchword. With rugged aircraft to match every purpose and pocketbook, the industry has made it highly profitable for many a company—and thousands of individuals—to take to the air (see color pages). Big farmers and ranchers, such as Idaho's R. J. Simplot, who needs three planes to supervise his many farming operations and other interests, are learning that they cannot get along without planes. Using them to patrol fences, herd cattle, seed wheat or spray cotton, U.S. farmers are adding many millions annually to their income. As an invaluable tool of industry and commerce, light planes also add millions more to the U.S. businessman's income.

Companies are discovering that one executive on wings is often worth three at a desk. The time alone that a \$100-a-day executive can save frequently pays the cost of a plane; a job that would ordinarily take two days now takes only one. Top brass are not the only gainers. Salesmen cover more ground, land more contracts; engineers and troubleshooting supervisors can move around faster. Beyond ordinary personnel transport, private planes are invaluable to rush delivery of critical orders, speed repair parts to outlying plants, or perform any other task where time is the vital factor.

Many U.S. companies hesitate to talk publicly about their growing air fleets. They fear that stockholders might think the planes are used only for junkets and fishing trips. But few companies will buy, and fewer plane makers will sell, a plane unless it adds to the customer's profit. Eastman Kodak, U.S. Steel, International Business Machines, Firestone Tire & Rubber, Socony Mobil Oil Co and Texas Co. all have fleets ranging from puddle jumpers to four-engined DC-6Bs and turbo-

prop Vickers Viscounts. They find them worth their cost many times over in shuttling men and equipment around their widely diversified operations.

Some other big and little customers who fly for profit:

❑ **General Motors' President Harlow Curtice**, whose company runs its own airline with 18 planes logging 7,000 miles daily; Curtice has one plane at his disposal at all times, averages two trips weekly to G.M. operations around the U.S.

❑ **Independent Texas Oilman William R. Goddard**, who logs 400 hours annually inspecting his wells, and says: "Time means money, and I try to save all I can."

❑ **Varner Steel Products' President R. G. Varner**, who bought his first plane five years ago to spread out from Pine Bluff, Ark., selling his company's light steel pipe and other products. Says he: "In 1952 we did a gross business of \$218,000. This year we are doing a gross business of almost \$1,000,000, and we have extended our work into Canada, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kansas, Texas and Virginia."

❑ **Weyerhaeuser Timber Co.**, which is able to evaluate insect damage in 1% of the time previously required. Weyerhaeuser is now moving into helicopters to reseed forest areas faster and more economically than before.

❑ **Magnolia Petroleum Co.**, which has 14 planes, recently flew a team of fire fighters with full equipment from Dallas to a burning well in southwest Texas, got them there hours faster than by commercial airline.

❑ **Magnet Cove Barium Corp. (Magcobar)**, one of the world's biggest dealers in drilling mud, which uses aircraft to fly its "mud doctors" to out-of-the-way sites around the U.S. It has found that one man in a light plane can do the work of eight in cars or aboard boats, and the time



PARKED PLANES, in apron-filling illustration of private flying in the U.S., stand wingtip to wingtip at Max Westheimer Field, Norman, Okla., after bringing their owners from all parts of the country to see Notre Dame-Oklahoma University football game (Notre Dame, 7-0). More than 1,000 fans in 280 planes, from 21-passenger executive DC-38s (left) to small Pipers, Navions and Cessnas, landed at airport, rode four miles to stadium in cabs and buses.



Paul Thurman

CESSNA 180, with service ceiling of 19,800 ft., is used by Weyerhaeuser Timber Co. forest managers for aerial reconnaissance of clean-logged areas and uncut timber stands on

tree farm near 12,307-ft. Mt. Adams (left) and 9,671-ft. Mt. St. Helens in Washington's Cascade Range. Single-engine 230-h.p. plane cruises at better than 150 m.p.h., costs \$13,850.

U.S. Air Force—Western Electric



TWIN-BONANZA, by Beech Aircraft, is \$77,000 to \$88,000 six-seater with cruising speed of 218

m.p.h. Model modified for arctic travel (above) carries freight and personnel between DEW line posts.



BELL 47G-2 HELICOPTER, over Chicago Loop skyscrapers, carries Radio Materials Corp. personnel and clients from downtown home-office rooftop to plant 130 miles away in 90 minutes. Cost: \$59,950.



Laurence Lowry

Maynard Clark

TRECKER GULL, a five-passenger amphibian shown over Jones Beach area, Long Island, combines U.S.

340-h.p. Lycoming engines and Piaggio air frame designed in Italy. New Super model (*above*) costs \$89,960.



Laurence Lowry



GRUMMAN MALLARD, amphibian priced from \$150,000-\$175,000, flies Freeport Sulphur Co. employees

at 180-to-200 m.p.h. between Garden Island Bay, La., power plant (*above*) and company base at Port Sulphur.



BEECHCRAFT D18S, with a 190-to-200-m.p.h. cruising speed, selling from \$20,000 to \$65,000

depending on year's model, carries Industrialist Jack Simplot to Idaho mountain hunting camp.



Bert Brondt





CESSNA 310, a \$59,950 twin-engine plane with wingtip fuel tanks, helps Oilman R. W. Goddard make rapid inspections of his 10,000-acre Oklahoma ranch.



LOCKHEED JETSTAR, a prototype 550-m.p.h., ten-passenger jet with aft-mounted engine pods (for less noise in

cabin), was designed as transport for the Air Force, may be made available to private firms for about \$1,000,000 each.

Photographs by Laurence Lowry



AERO COMMANDER SUPER 680, priced at \$89,500, carries up to seven passengers (rear seats convert to twin beds), cruises at 230 m.p.h., and has range of 1,610 miles. Above: a Magnolia Pipe Line Co. plane flies over home city of Dallas.

← NEW CESSNAS, freshly painted Model 182 Skylanes, are lined up at company's Wichita, Kans. plant for a mass fly-away by dealers to all parts of U.S. and Canada. Single-engine \$16,850 plane seats four, cruises at above 150 m.p.h.



PIPER APACHE, \$34,990 twin-engine plane with four seats, cruising range of more than 800 miles and speed of 170 m.p.h., is used by Connecticut Businessman Richard Colhoun for company trips and vacation flights with family.

Photographs by J. Alex Langley

HELIO COURIER, over passenger ships in Manhattan's Hudson River piers, has geared engine and oversized propeller for short take-offs (less than 75 yds.), can safely fly from under 30 to above 160 m.p.h. Four-seater costs \$28,980.



saved often means keeping a valuable well from being wrecked. Magobar's fleet: 17 planes, mostly float-equipped, which flew 7,200 hours last year at a cost of \$144,000, far less than the business they brought.

The Leaders. The Big Three of the private-plane industry are Cessna Aircraft Co., whose President Dwane Wallace is called the "Henry Ford of the light-plane business"; Beech Aircraft Corp., whose President Olive Ann Beech is the only woman to boss a big plane maker, and Piper Aircraft Corp., whose President William T. Piper is the dean of the industry at 77.

The Detroit of the small-plane industry is Wichita, Kans., where the two biggest companies—Cessna and Beech—account for 70% of all the dollars spent on light planes. Between them, they offer customers twelve different models, priced from \$7,000 to \$210,000. Beech concentrates mainly on higher-priced planes, while Cessna rules the middle and lower brackets. And though Beech leads in total business, with 1957 sales of \$104 million (66% military), Cessna is the world's biggest private-plane builder, with commercial sales of 2,480 planes worth \$33 million (total sales: \$70 million). First-quarter fiscal 1958 sales: a peacetime-record \$20.7 million for Cessna, a near-record \$20.8 million for Beech. Just below Beech and Cessna stands the third member of the Big Three: Piper Aircraft of Lock Haven, Pa., which concentrates on low-priced planes and whose ubiquitous Cub is known the world over. Piper's sales: a record \$26.6 million in 1957, but down slightly in 1958's first quarter.

Beech and Cessna might be one huge company today were it not for a personality clash between Walter Beech, a Tennessee farm boy turned pilot, and Clyde Cessna, another farm boy from Kansas. The two started off together, formed Travel Air Co. in 1925 with Cessna as president, Beech as sales manager. But after building two types of planes, one of which was the first commercial aircraft to fly the Pacific to Hawaii, Cessna went off to form his own company. Beech merged Travel Air with Curtiss-Wright and later, in 1932, formed his own company.

Pilot Beech's only trouble was making a profit: he was no financial man, left most of the details to his wife Olive Ann, and the company barely kept aloft. Cessna had even deeper problems. In the Depression he had to close his plant. What saved the company was Cessna's nephews, Dwane and Dwight Wallace, one an aeronautical engineer who once worked for Beech, the other a lawyer. By sweet-talking creditors they reopened the plant, and, though Clyde Cessna sat as president until he retired in 1934, the man in charge was Dwane Wallace, then only 23.

Right Plane, Right Price. He kept the company in the air, but it was shaky flying. Cessna had only \$3.97 in the bank when it got the first World War II order for its T-50 trainer, went on to produce 5,359 by war's end. Beech, with a bigger, six-passenger Model 18 transport-trainer,

made 7,400 units and millions in profits from every branch of the armed forces. With peace both companies faced some agonizing reappraisals. Beech wanted to merge with Cessna. Dwane Wallace refused, doggedly set about finding civilian markets once it became crystal-clear that the day of the flying flivver had not yet quite arrived.

Beech and Cessna have learned that the U.S. businessman will pay handsomely to fly the right plane at the right price. Under President Olive Ann Beech, who took over when her husband died in 1950, and Vice President Jack Gaty, who runs the operating end, Beech's line starts with its famed single-engined Bonanza (\$25,000), goes up to a far fancier Twin-Bonanza at \$88,000, and ends with an

eight-passenger peacetime version of its wartime D18, which costs \$125,000. This year, like its competitors, Beech will try to fill in the chinks (see box).

"Across the Street." The company everyone is watching is what Beech calls the "boys across the street." Cessna's President Dwane Wallace has built a young, eager outfit with plenty of stress on foresight and imagination. At Beech, less than half the executives are pilots; at Cessna, everyone down to middle-management level knows how to fly as well as sell.

While Beech still sticks to relatively high-priced planes, Cessna is moving all around, adding new planes to complement its five single-engined models (\$9,000 to \$16,850) and its twin-engined Model 310 (\$60,000). In the future Cessna hopes to shine even brighter. One important project is Cessna's YH-41 light helicopter, now undergoing tests for the U.S. Army; eventually Cessna hopes to develop a vast commercial market. A second is jets. Last week Cessna landed another \$10 million Air Force order for its 400-m.p.h. twin-jet T-37 trainer, booking production solidly for two years. When Wallace decides that U.S. businessmen want a jet, Cessna will be ready.

At the other end of the price range stands Piper, now run largely by the three sons of President Bill Piper. A successful oilman who made his stake in the early Pennsylvania fields, Bill Piper Sr. started business in 1929 and, like his colleagues, often wished, as he almost went broke, that "I'd never gotten into this aviation business." Yet today, with three modern versions of its Cub plus its \$34,990 twin-engined Apache, Piper is solidly in the black and ready to expand.

Push from the Bottom. The Big Three's progress and profit is not lost on the dozens of smaller planemakers, who are also learning to grow by selling utility. In barely six years, Oklahoma's Aero Design & Engineering Co. has leaped to a \$12 million annual business with its high-priced (\$89,500) twin-engined Aero Commander. When the Air Force bought 15, including one for President Eisenhower, so many companies jumped in with orders that Aero expects to sell about 120 planes this year, has built a \$6.25-million plant to boost production. Prospects are so good that even big military planemakers are moving into the market.

Yet for all the activity, the U.S. light-plane industry thinks it has hardly started to climb. Surveys show that there are at least 150,000 potential customers who could gain by flying their own planes. The Civil Aeronautics Administration is already beginning to worry over how they will all fit into the crowded air. So far, the businessman's safety record is good, with only 1.1 fatal accidents per 100,000 aircraft hours v. a rate of .73 per 100,000 for scheduled airlines. Yet, as more and more planes go aloft in all weather, it may get to the point where the nation's airspace must be sectorized off like super-highways, one lane for private flyers, another for airlines, and everything run under strict instrument rules.

THE NEWEST PLANES

Cessna 150, an all-metal two-seater designed as the company's first real move into the lowest-price brackets to compete with Piper's fabric-covered Super Cub for the pleasure-flying market. Cruising speed: 115 m.p.h. Price: around \$7,000, some \$2,000 less than the cheapest four-place Cessna.

Cessna 175, a medium-priced addition to the company's line of four-place, high-wing monoplanes. Cruising speed: 139 m.p.h. Price: about \$11,000, midway between the lowest priced Model 172 and highest priced 182.

Piper Comanche, the company's first low-wing, single-engined plane designed to challenge Cessna's virtual monopoly in the medium-priced field. Cruising speed: 160 m.p.h. over a 920-mile range with four passengers. Price: \$14,500.

Beech Travel Air, a brand-new twin-engined monoplane that Beech hopes will plug the gap between its single-engined Bonanza and its high-priced Twin-Bonanza. Cruising speed: 200 m.p.h. over a 1,000-mile range. Price: around \$50,000.

Beech MS-760, a sleek four-place, twin-jet transport that Beech is importing from France's Morane-Saulnier to try out the executive jet market. Cruising speed: 350 m.p.h. over a 1,000-mile range. Price: \$210,000.

Aero Alti-Cruiser, a pressurized, souped-up version of the Aero Commander. Cruising speed: 230 m.p.h. Price: \$183,750.

Grumman Gulfstream, a turbo-prop slightly smaller than a DC-3, which Grumman hopes to have on the market by 1959. Cruising speed: 350 m.p.h. with twelve passengers. Price: \$850,000.

Lockheed JetStar, the first U.S.-built light jet transport. Cruising speed: 500 m.p.h. with ten passengers. Price: around \$1,000,000.

The nation's press, government, business and education leaders all acclaim it; their informed opinions tell . . .

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Armstrong Cork Company

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"NEW 'MASS-CLASS' MARKET"

—*Washington Post and Times Herald*

"A new 'mass-class' market has emerged on the American merchandising scene, LIFE magazine said today in reporting results of a nationwide consumer survey.

"Sixty-three percent of the nation's 49 million families are in this group and their incomes range from \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year. They account for 72% of total spending for

"If the American economy is to continue to progress, methods of marketing must keep pace with those of production. This LIFE study should help many producers do a much more intelligent and effective job of selling."

—FRED A. SEATON, Secretary of the Interior

"I found it extremely interesting and know that it will be of great interest to my staff, too."

—SINCLAIR WEEKS, Secretary of Commerce

"WHO SPENDS WHAT...WHERE?"

—*New York Times*

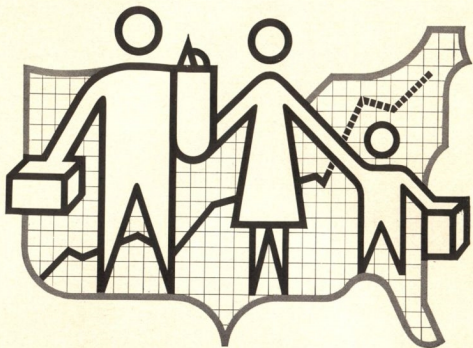
"The magazine LIFE has drawn a profile of American consumers based on an extensive study of how they spend their money. Among the findings were:

"The average household in 1956 spent \$4,110 for consumer goods and services. The largest share, 29%, was for food, beverages and tobacco. Next was home improvement and operation, 19%; the automobile and its upkeep were third with 14% . . .

"Generalizations may no longer hold with regard to large geographical regions . . . the South as a whole may no longer be considered a second-class market.

"The suburbs account for an unusually high rate of expenditure in several categories of products—for example, floor coverings, sports equipment and pet foods."

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—E. R. BARTLEY, Manager, Marketing
Research, B. F. Goodrich Tire Co.

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Leo Burnett Company, Inc., Advertising

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"Of the \$591 the average family spent (annually) on automotive items, LIFE found that \$299 went for the purchase of a car; \$154 for gas and oil; \$21 for tires and tubes; \$8 for spark plugs, batteries and oil filters; and \$109 for miscellaneous."

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University, Graduate School of Business
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MILESTONES

Married. Lyle (Skitch) Henderson, 40, goated TV-radio bandleader (on the *Steve Allen Show*); and German-born Fashion Model Ruth Michaels, 28; both for the second time (his first: Faye Emerson); in Greenwich, Conn.

Died. Betty MacDonald, 49, hen-raising, hen-hating ranchwife-authoress of the nonfiction bestseller (1945) *The Egg and I* (later adapted for the movies and TV), whose success egged her on to write others (*The Plague and I*, *Onions in the Stew*); of cancer; in Seattle.

Died. Emanuel ("Manie") Sacks, 54, vice president (1950) of RCA and (since 1953) of NBC, longtime friend and agent to leading show-business stars (TRIE, Dec. 17, 1956); of leukemia; in Philadelphia.

Died. Imre Horvath, 57, Hungary's Foreign Minister, longtime (since 1918) Communist, onetime gun-toting activist (in Bela Kun's post-World War I Red rebellion) and Minister to the U.S. (1949-51), who saw his own son Imre and his nephew Alexander turn freedom fighters in the 1956 revolt, then flee to Austria; after a gallstone operation; in Budapest.

Died. Lew Brown (real name: Louis Brownstein), 64, Russian-born songwriter (with Buddy De Sylva and Ray Henderson) of top hits (*Button Up Your Overcoat*, *The Best Things in Life Are Free*); of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Charles Langbridge Morgan, 64, English author of mystic-tinged novels (*The Fountain*, *Sparkenbroke*) and plays (*The River Line*, *The Burning Glass*), essayist (*Liberties of the Mind*) and longtime London *Times* drama critic (1926-39); of a bronchial ailment; in London.

Died. Prince Filippo Andrea Doria-Pamphili-Landi, 71, last male descendant of the main branch of the famed Doria family, which traces its history to 12th century Genoa, owner (in Rome's Palazzo Doria) of one of the world's most celebrated private galleries (included: Velasquez' portrait of an earlier Pamphili, *Pope Innocent X*); of arteriosclerosis; in Rome. A bitter anti-Fascist, who condemned Mussolini's war on Ethiopia, he suffered 15 years of mistreatment by Fascists, became wartime "underground governor" of Rome and, appointed by the Allies, the city's first postwar mayor.

Died. H. M. (for Henry Major) Tomlinson, 84, self-taught, world-renowned English novelist (*Gallions Reach*), Conrad-like chronicler of his own seafaring adventures (*The Sea and the Jungle*) and essayist (*A Mingled Yarn*), onetime (World War I) correspondent (for the *London Daily News*) and (1917-23) literary editor (of the *Nation and Athenaeum*); in London.



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Baltasar Gracián on the ways of hate

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difficult to eradicate.

(The Art of Worldly Wisdom, 1647) Artist: Sister Mary Corita, I.H.M.

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CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA 

BOOKS

Winthropologist

THE WINTHROP WOMAN (586 pp.)—*Anya Seton*—Houghton Mifflin (\$4.95).

There are those who like history and those who like novels; both classes of readers are apt to be depressed by historical novels. This form of literature, which requires a strict convention of disbelief, is perfectly exemplified in *The Winthrop Woman*, a bulging package of period color, religion, sex, sadism and witchcraft. It is written in what can only be called Williamsburg prose—the settings and costumes are as authentic as money and research can buy, and if the hands and heads that stick through the quaint old collars and cuffs are stuffed with straw, there will be no complaints from the fans of fancy-dress fiction. Novelist Seton (*Dragonwyck*, *Katherine*) moves along the historic exhibits with the assurance of an attendant waving a feather duster.

The chief exhibit is Elizabeth Fones, who marries her cousin, Henry Winthrop. Henry is a bad hat who gives her a bad time, and her lot is further aggravated by the fact that her wicked uncle, Governor John Winthrop, seems determined to run the Massachusetts Bay colony without her advice. Of course, "a provoking lass she was, [with her] hair black as a wicked Spaniard's. There was a bursting carnal femaleness about her . . ." At this point, the reader will suspect that he is in for a salom round every four-poster bed that can be worked into the narrative. Not so: no hussy she. Elizabeth represents a thoroughly modern, interfaith point of view among the heretic-hunting Puritans; and among the schismatics of prerevolution-



NOVELIST SETON
Chameleon on plaid.

ary New England, she is the spirit of togetherness, a one-woman P.T.A. opposed to discrimination against Indians, be they Siwanoy, Narragansett, or any other friendly neighborhood group.

Non-addicts of historical fiction who may encounter *The Winthrop Woman* will probably experience the half-folish, half-public-spirited emotions of citizens who have been cajoled into playing a part in some commemorative pageant: there is a good deal of history around, but somehow it seems to have got lost amid the fuss, feathers and false whiskers.

In the dialogue there are enough "prith-ees," "goodwives," and "forsooths" to clog the collective gullet of The Lambs' club. As for the problem of delineating character, it is solved simply. Characters express emotion by changing color—from pink to grey, scarlet, dull red and "glistening" chalk white, until the fascinated reader feels like the chameleon, which is said to become a nervous wreck when nudged across a plaid bedspread.

Missouri Weltschmerz

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE (311 pp.)—*Marianne Hauser*—McDowell, Obolensky (\$3.95).

The hero of this novel ferries forth on the river Styx as matter-of-factly as if he were boating at a church social. Floyd Walker is a handsome, 32-year-old bank teller—and sparetime choirmaster—who has leukemia. With apologetic hems and haws, the town doctor of Ophelia, Mo. announces the sentence: three months, more or less, to live. In sleepy little Ophelia (pronounced "afailure") the drama of life has no acts, only intermissions, and Floyd is scarcely prepared for center stage in the town's morbidly engaged affections. He makes only one promise to himself: "From now on I shall try to please nobody, save my Maker."

He does please nobody. When Floyd tries to recruit some beer-guzzling publicans for his choir, he scandalizes the pastor, who is devoted to muscular Christianity ("Yes, Christ is alive today, out in the field battling for us"). When Floyd laces into his choirwomen for turning the house of prayer into a den of cake sellers, the outraged ladies sing like hornets. Bank Teller Floyd has always regarded his life as a deposit for his wife and three kids, but when he fails to expire on schedule ("I wish he'd die and have done with"), they up and leave him.

Left with little more than the small change of his existence, Floyd spends it on the minor characters with whom Author Hauser has rounded out her novel. Among them: a booze-prone church organist who bakes his empties out into the country rather than stash the incriminatory bottles in his ash barrel; a lady reincarnationist who believes she once dined with a Pharaoh; the town's Mary Magdalene with whom Floyd finds it sweet to sin. These and other forlorn rebels



NOVELIST HAUSER
Postum in the hemlock.

form a kind of Freudian chorus attesting the ego-twisting power of convention.

The most forlorn is Floyd, until he improbably makes it up with his wife and Ophelia, ready to live happily ever after on his borrowed time. This is like preparing the reader's palate for hemlock and serving him Postum. Author Hauser has symbolized up her main character so thoroughly that it is never clear whether he is the old Adam, the fool-in-Christ, or just plain fool. Author Hauser has a sharp eye and sure words for the homeliest of scenes, e.g., "an empty clothesline strung with rain pearls." Her novel is best when her people are worst—sparrow-agile before the flung bird seed of gossip, and vulture-ugly as they pick clean the bones of a reputation or a life in whispers.

Three Musketeers

THE TITANS (508 pp.)—*André Maurois*—Harper (\$5.95).

After writing bushels of novels, Alexandre Dumas felt a need for fresh material. He started off toward the Orient in a fishing smack, taking with him a 19-year-old "admiral" decked out in a musical comedy sailor suit. As Dumas wrote to a friend: "The charming little creature is in the habit of becoming a woman at night." Her name was Emilie Cordier, and she became pregnant just before the fishing smack ran into Giuseppe Garibaldi, then busy invading Sicily with his famed "Thousand." Forgetting the Orient, Dumas and the expectant admiral hurried to the great patriot's aid and helped storm Palermo, Dumas wearing "an immense straw hat with three plumes."

In the next two years Dumas 1) became Garibaldi's director of antiquities, 2) helped excavate Pompeii, 3) founded a Neapolitan newspaper, 4) started one novel, one biography (of Garibaldi), a

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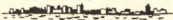
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history of the Neapolitan Bourbons in eleven volumes, countless articles, and a sociological study entitled "The Origin of Brigidage." The admiral gave birth to a baby girl and was put on "half-pay." Said happy papa Dumas: "I don't want to exaggerate, but I really believe that, up and down the world, I have got more than five hundred children."

From Paris, Alexander Dumas Jr., most prominent of Dumas' illegitimate "Five Hundred," watched his old man's carryings-on with mingled affection and dismay. Critics have usually argued that Dumas fils (*The Lady of the Camellias*) was just a shadow of Dumas père (*The Three Musketeers*, *The Count of Monte-Cristo*). In this big, revealing study, France's André Maurois tries to put the matter in a different light. He sees three generations of the Dumas dynasty as three different expressions of a single theme: "For a whole century [they] played out, against a backcloth of France, the finest of all dramas—their life."

Death in Bed. Dumas père's own father was a drama in himself. Son of a French marquis and a Santo Domingo Negro woman, he rose from trooper to general in Napoleon's army in a few years. General Dumas was famed for holding the narrow Bridge of Brixen singlehanded against a whole Austrian squadron. He quarreled fiercely with Bonaparte, who put him on "the unemployed list" as soon as he had no further need of him. Broken in spirit, Grandfather Dumas died in 1806, leaving on record the parting words: "Oh! Must a general who, when he was no more than thirty-five, had already been commander-in-chief of three armies, die at forty, like a coward, in his bed?"

The fighting general's glory was reaped by his writing son. All the general's humiliations were avenged when the author of *Musketeers* walked across Paris like a king, carrying mountains of debts on his huge shoulders, fearing nothing, not even death. "She will be kind to me," he said, "because I will tell her a story."

Flight from Temptation. The grandson, Alexandre Jr., inherited the huge Dumas frame and champagne padding, the Dumas courage and independence—only the exuberant vitality was missing. Dumas père could write for twelve hours at a stretch without even feeling tired, but Dumas fils found writing an "exhausting physical labor," which caused dizziness and cramps. Senior lavished money on courtesans, wept his eyes out when they died—and rushed on to the arms of his latest conquest. But his bastard son, haunted since childhood "by the problem of seduced women and natural children," decided at an early age that his own books would be dedicated to the saving of corrupted womanhood.

Young Dumas' famed novel, *The Lady of the Camellias* (made into a play by Dumas himself and into a grand opera—*La Traviata*—by Verdi) was based on his love for Courtesan Marie Duplessis. She supplied him with "intoxicating orgies of the flesh"—and he, in return, struggled to reform her, adored her most when she "played the part of the repentant Magda-

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A nuclear power plant for a ship of this type was the subject of a study recently completed by Atomics International for the Maritime Reactors Branch of the Atomic Energy Commission. Costs of building and operating a vessel powered by an Organic Moderated Reactor were compared with those for an oil-burning ship—a typical modern supertanker of some 38,000 dead-weight tons.

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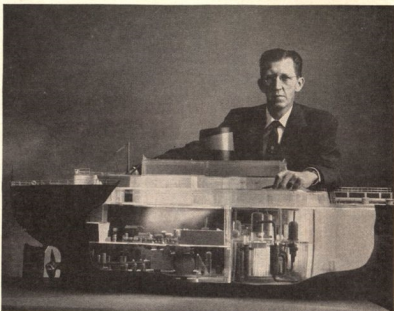
are on their way up, with steadily rising fuel prices seen from now on—whereas the cost trend for the OMR is downward, as nuclear technology is improved. An OMR tanker has greater cargo capacity because its fuel takes up little space. And it needs refueling less than once a year.

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Another OMR power station is planned for a Latin American country.

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All this stems from the results being achieved with the Organic Moderated Reactor Experiment, conducted by Atomics International for the Atomic Energy Commission. The Organic Moderated Reactor Experiment is being carried on at the AEC's National Reactor Testing Station in Idaho to establish the basic engineering data for this



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lene." Marie died of consumption at 23, and young Dumas never forgot her glamorous, terrible life. He became "The Man in Flight from Temptation," began to write plays in which seducers were condemned with such cold precision that Parisians were horrified. Complained Gustave Flaubert: "Preventing petticoats from being lifted has become a perfect mania with him."

Thoughts of Monsters. "The most difficult thing of all for the moralist," observes sage Author Maurois, "is to live in accordance with his own principles." Poor Alexandre failed manfully in his efforts to do so. Urging death as the proper penalty for adulterous wives, and crying, "Only the virgin man is invincible," he fell into bed with green-eyed Princess Naryschkine, wife of a Russian nobleman. She bore him a daughter (later legitimized by her marriage to Dumas) shortly after audiences were applauding his ferocious antiseducer drama *A Natural Son*. Young Dumas' ferocity only caused women to swarm round him. When a young actress said to him, "Feel how my heart's beating. Well, how do you find it?", he only growled, "I find it round."

When Senior died, Junior stepped naturally into his shoes as Grand Old Man of Paris. Yet he continued as "the sworn foe of adultery" with increasing success until his late 60s, when he fell in love with Henriette Escalier, a married woman young enough to be his granddaughter. She became his mistress; after she managed to divorce her husband and Dumas' wife died, they were married, five months before Dumas' death (1895). "I have sometimes seriously thought of entering a monastery," he groaned sometime before his last marriage.

About but Not for Boys

THE CONFESSION (180 pp.)—Mario Soldati—Knopf (\$3).

When shades of the prison house of maturity begin to close upon a growing boy, he has the chance, later denied him, of choosing his peculiar cell. The story of the choice is usually fascinating to the balding businessman who insists on recalling how, as a youth, he nearly ran away to sea, or to the physician who claims to have been, at 16, a poet. It takes an artist to make the story of adolescent crisis fascinating to others. Such an artist is Mario Soldati (*The Capri Letters*, TIME, Feb. 27, 1956), a busy, boisterous Italian movie director who occasionally cools off with a novel.

Clemente, Author Soldati's hero, is a shy, simply, touchy, clever, nervous adolescent who finds it more difficult to chin the inflexible horizontal bar of manhood than do the dull louts whom he outshines in class but cannot outrun on the playground. At first sight, the problem seems ordinary. Should Clemente yield himself to the incitements of his awakening sexuality or keep himself a fit vessel of grace? As Soldati tells it, Clemente's sex proliferates through his veins like the roots of a tree under a marble pavement.



Italy's News

NOVELIST SOLDATI
Problems of sex and sanctity.

The Jesuit fathers of his school have seen a boy of talent and want him for their own. The boy passionately wants to accept his vocation, but the devil prevents himself in female form—specifically in the guise of a steamy 35-year-old woman, a friend of the family but no friend to chastity. In relatively few lines, Soldati carvers a cross for his hero. Should he have faith in his passion or give up his passion for the faith? Neither his mother, plagued by desires of her own, his pious grandmother, his innocent playmates, nor his latently homosexual confessor can answer that question for Clemente.

Novelist Soldati is thoroughly at home with his sensual theme. His book is a better story of the emotional conflicts of a pious and troubled boy than the classic account of the same situation in Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. With Irishman Joyce, what stands out authentically is a belief in damnation; with Italian Soldati, it is temptation that is real. Whether or not readers accept the possibility of eternal damnation, Soldati is utterly convincing about the existence of eternal woman.

Captain Vertigo

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SKY (245 pp.)—Arthur C. Clarke—Harcourt, Brace (\$3.95).

"This is a slightly unusual request," says Dr. Wagner. "As far as I know, it's the first time anyone's been asked to supply a Tibetan monastery with an Automatic Sequence Computer. Could you explain just what you intend to do with it?"

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with but one project—finding and listing the 9 billion names of God. The explanation satisfies Dr. Wagner and he packs the Mark V Computer out to Tibet with two technicians, George and Chuck. As “electronic” typewriters tap out the giant brain’s findings, George and Chuck begin to have qualms. The high lama believes that the world will come to an end when Mark V emits the 9 billionth name of God. What if the monks turn violent when the Last Trump fails to sound?

Chuck and George decide to take it on the lam from lamaland. On a brilliantly starlit night, the technicians descend by donkeyback to the foot of the high Himalayas. “Wonder if the computer’s finished its run,” muses George. “It was due about now.” Both men gaze upward and continue to do so, for “overhead, without any fuss, the stars were going out.”

Victorian Space Age. Eerie little spine ticklers of this sort have sold some 2,000,000 copies of 19 books by Britain’s Arthur C. (for Charles) Clarke, a science-fiction writer with rare qualifications. Author Clarke holds a first-class honors degree in science from King’s College, University of London, served as chairman of the British Interplanetary Society (1950-53), and as early as 1945 he published a pioneering paper on using a space station for radio and television relay. A ten-year sifting of Author Clarke’s tales of the space age, *The Other Side of the Sky* is heavily weighted with Victorian Age flummery, but offers sound science along with good fun.

In *Cosmic Casanova*, an intergalactic lover boy tunes in a cute pinup on his rocketship TV screen. He makes an unscheduled landing on her tiny home planet, only to be disappointed when the hatch door opens. The girl turns out to be a giantess, and “I’d have looked like such a fool, standing there on tiptoe with my arms wrapped around her knees.”

In *Security Check*, a science-fiction writer is called on the carpet for his unwittingly explicit descriptions of spaceships and space weapons. He assumes his interrogators to be FBI agents, and they are—but not earth’s.

The 37th Dimension. Outer spaceman-ship seems to call for large fictional gestures, and before he is through, Author Clarke manages to blow up the sun, the earth, and one or two outlying solar systems. His stories are larded with the lingo and gadgetry of tomorrow, e.g., “gravity inverters,” “radiospectrographs,” “the thirty-seventh dimension.” Spaceman Clarke believes that “space travel is man’s next step in evolution with consequences that may be even greater than those of man’s evolution as a land animal.” His latest book carries glimmerings of the awesome dimensions of that step, but at times, the dialogue interferes. One line, at least, should be permanently retired. A minor planet is graced with the unexpected landing of a giant rocketship. The flustered local dignitary goes forward to greet the visitors. For a moment words fail him, and then he blurts out: “You’re from Earth—I presume?”

MISCELLANY

Junketeer. In Lille, France, Abel Pau- chet, 36, a part-time scrap-metal collector, was held by police for cutting a 15-ft. section out of the Lille-Tourcoing tele- phone cable.

Free-Wheeling. In Dixon, Ill., Roger McKeane, 19, complained to police that someone stole his car’s hubcaps while he was in Lee County jail sitting out a \$50 fine—for stealing hubcaps.

Natural Order. In Rochester, Leon Cohen, 38, was struck by a hit-and-run driver, climbed into his car, chased the assailant through traffic for 30 minutes, helped a policeman catch the offender, climbed into an ambulance, lay down for the trip to the hospital.

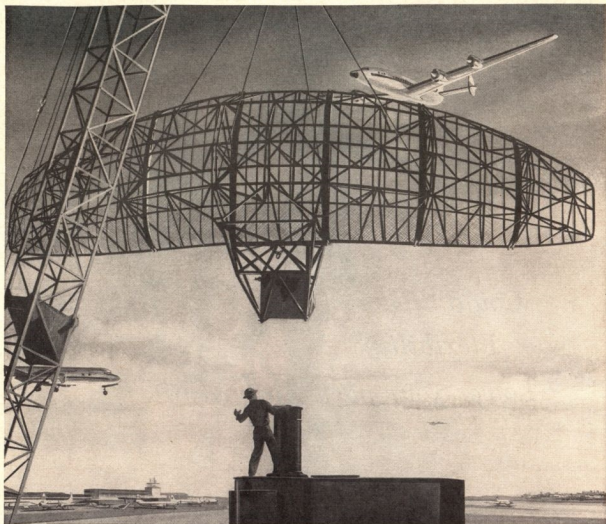
Loaded Words. In Salem, Ore., the Unemployment Compensation Commis- sion decided that a Portland woman was entitled to unemployment compensation because she quit after her boss called her “an old bag.”

Espresso. In Wilmington, Del., Walton Connelly, in quest of a cup of coffee, rode his motorcycle into the Toddle House parking lot, lost control, crashed unin- jured through a 9-by-4-ft. glass window, got a cup of coffee free—after he agreed to pay damages.

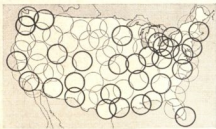
Amplified Needle. In Los Angeles, cops booked Frederick Brannan for stealing phonograph records from the record- pressing firm where he worked as a janitor, found he had written himself a re- minder, “Keep Hustling,” on the title page of the book *How to Succeed in Busi- ness Without Really Trying*.

The Fine Print. In Chicago, William J. Powell, 31, who views marriage as a give-and-take proposition and averted four divorce suits filed by his wife (by agreeing to: 1) turn over his entire pay- check to her, 2) change from night work to day work because she was lonesome, 3) attend her church, 4) give up television because it interfered with her read- ing), was remarried after a fifth, suc- cessful suit when he agreed to give up golf and bowling, was sued once again, this time was told that he must give up beating his wife.

Wire Service. In London, a survey published by Lloyd’s Bank on the fate of 100,000 paper clips revealed that out of the 100,000 clips, only one-fifth served their proper function; 14,163 were twist- ed and broken during telephone conver- sations; 19,413 were used as card-game stakes; 7,200 became makeshift hooks for garter belts and brassieres; 5,434 were converted to toothpicks or ear cleaners; 5,308 were used as nail cleaners; 3,016 became pipe cleaners; and the balance were dropped on the floor and swept away, or swallowed by children.



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